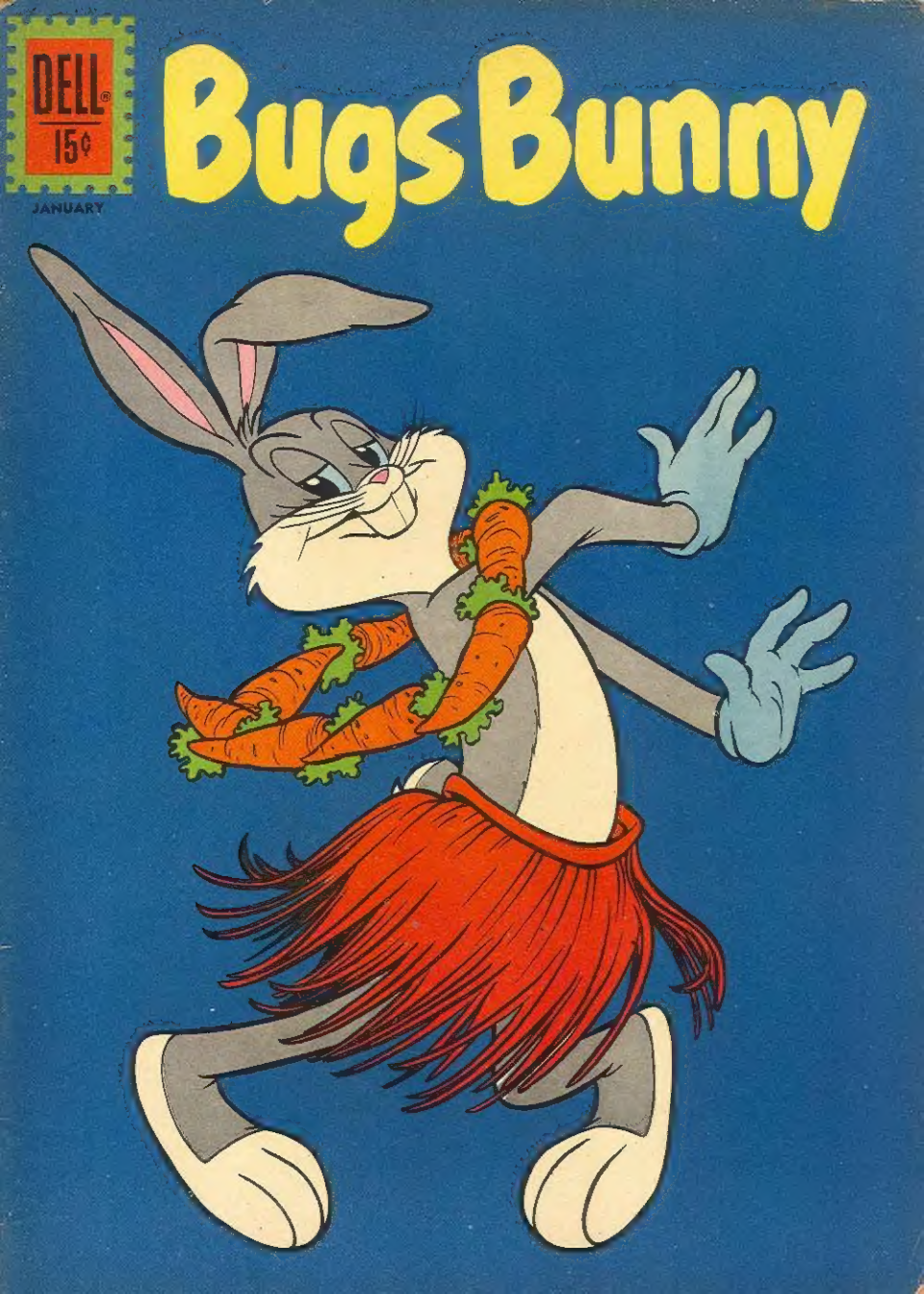
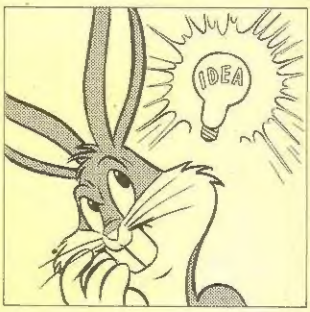
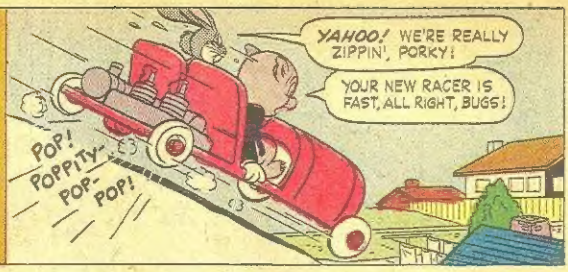

DELL
15¢
JANUARY
Bugs Bunny

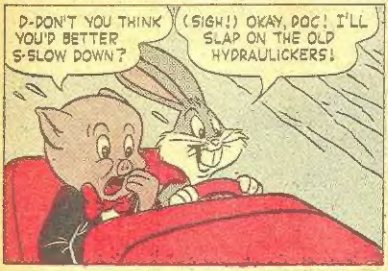
BUGS BUNNY

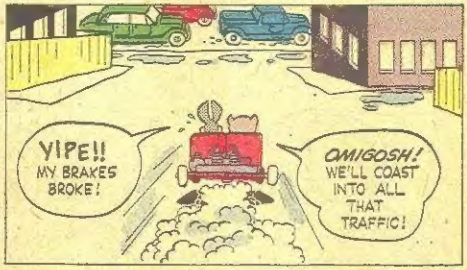
A WARM IDEA

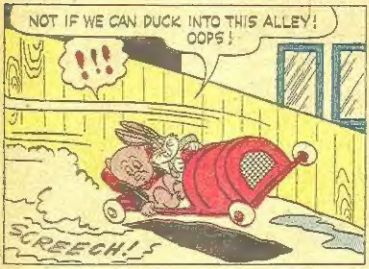


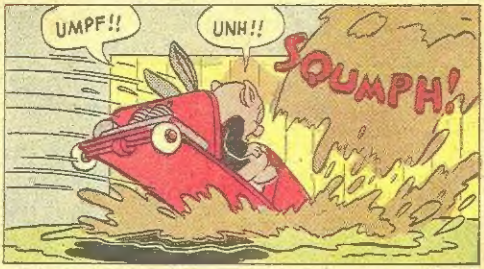
Bugs Bunny
BUBBLE TROUBLE











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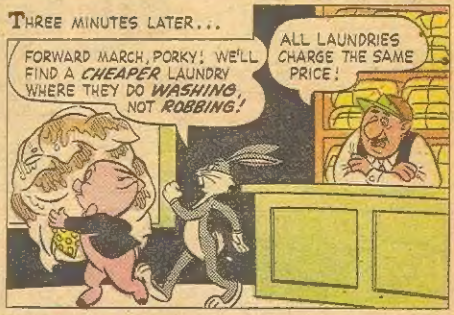
(GULP!) IS TERRIBLY RIGHT!

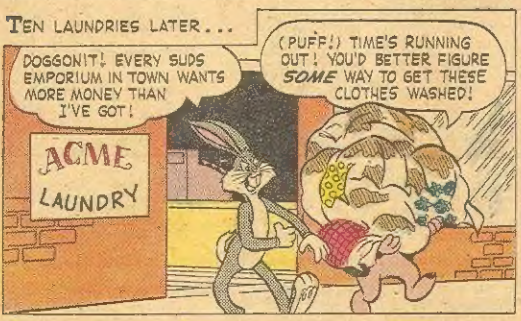
LOOK AT MY CLEAN WASH! YOU'VE RUINED IT!
E-EASY, SIS... ER... MA'AM! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

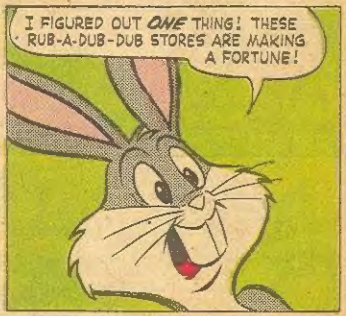
I THINK THERE'S ABOUT TO BE ANOTHER ACCIDENT!
I-I'LL...(GASP!) GLADLY HAVE YOUR MUDDY MUSLINS CLEANED, LADY!

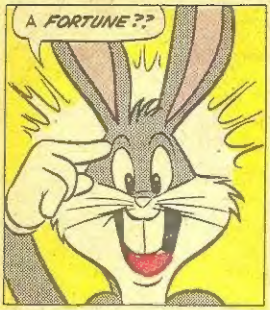
WELL, OKAY! BUT BRING 'EM BACK SPOTLESS CLEAN THIS AFTERNOON, OR I'LL...
D-DON'T WORRY! THEY'LL BE BACK ON TIME!

SO...
HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY FOR WASHING ALL THESE CLOTHES?
SURE! IT WON'T COST MUCH! SOAP AND WATER ARE CHEAP!
LAUNDRY
RIP N. TORE PROP.


THREE MINUTES LATER...
FORWARD MARCH, PORKY! WE'LL FIND A CHEAPER LAUNDRY WHERE THEY DO WASHING, NOT ROBBING!
ALL LAUNDRIES CHARGE THE SAME PRICE!

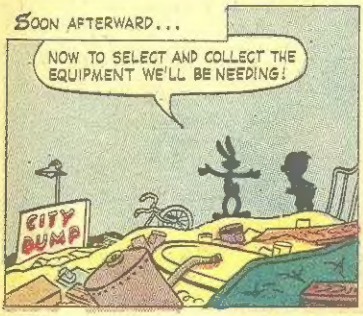

TEN LAUNDRIES LATER...
DOGGON'IT! EVERY SUDS EMPORIUM IN TOWN WANTS MORE MONEY THAN I'VE GOT!
(PUFF!) TIME'S RUNNING OUT! YOU'D BETTER FIGURE SOME WAY TO GET THESE CLOTHES WASHED!
ACME LAUNDRY

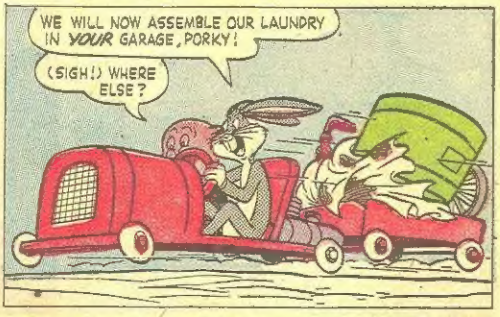

I FIGURED OUT ONE THING! THESE RUB-A-DUB-DUB STORES ARE MAKING A FORTUNE!

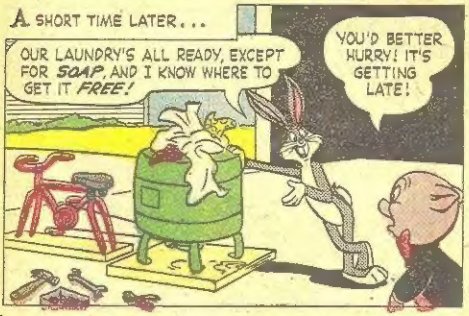

A FORTUNE??

YIPPEE!! I'VE JUST FIGURED OUT HOW TO SHINE UP THESE DUDS AND GET RICH AT THE SAME TIME!
YOU HAVE? HOW?

WE'RE GOING TO START OUR OWN LAUNDRY! COME ON, PARDNER! WE'VE GOTTA HUSTLE!
!


SOON AFTERWARD...
NOW TO SELECT AND COLLECT THE EQUIPMENT WE'LL BE NEEDING!
CITY DUMP

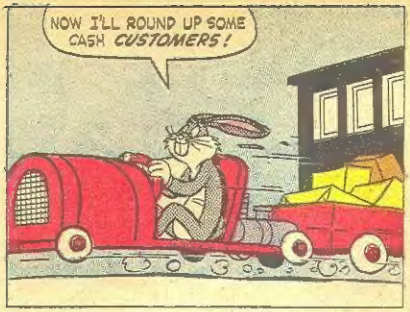

WE WILL NOW ASSEMBLE OUR LAUNDRY IN YOUR GARAGE, PORKY!
(SIGH!) WHERE ELSE?


A SHORT TIME LATER...
OUR LAUNDRY'S ALL READY, EXCEPT FOR SOAP, AND I KNOW WHERE TO GET IT FREE!
YOU'D BETTER HURRY! IT'S GETTING LATE!

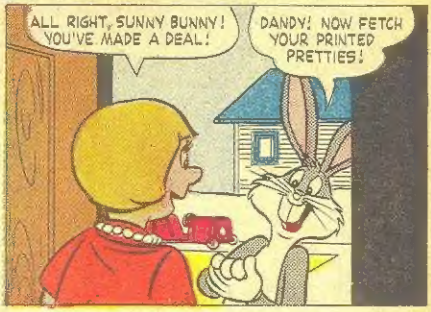
SO...
ALL COMPANIES TOSS AWAY THEIR GOOFED-UP STUFF! A SOAP COMPANY MUST HAVE IMPERFECTOS, TOO!
SUDZIE WUDZIE SOAP COMPANY

SEEK, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS...
EUREKA! I'VE HIT THE SOAP POT!
SUDZIE WUDZIE SOAP FLAKES
SUDZIE WUDZIE SOAP
EXPERIMENT X

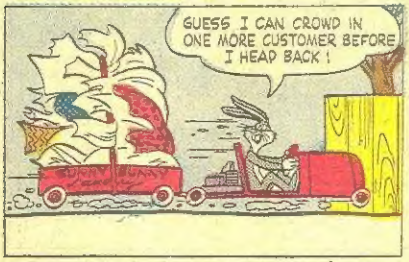
EXPERIMENT X! THEY SURE DREAM UP CRAZY NAMES FOR SOAP!
EXPERIMENT X
SUNNY BUNNY Laundry



BUGS MAKES HIS FIRST STOP...

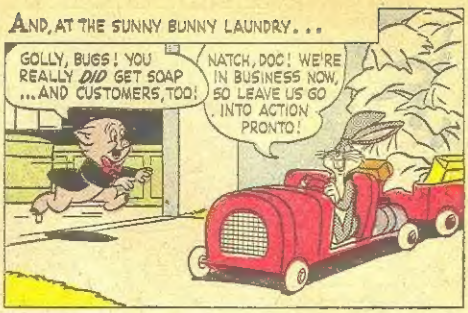


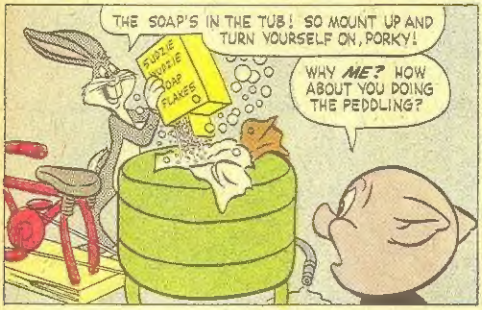
BUGS'S SALES TALK REALLY WORKS, AND IN A SHORT TIME . . .



SO...

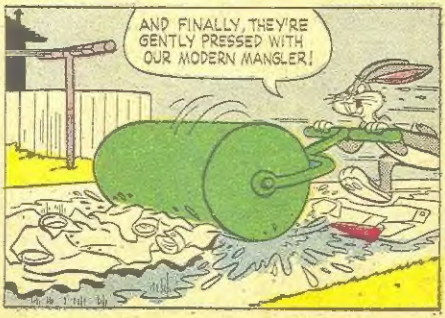
MEANWHILE, AT THE SUDZIE WUDZIE SOAP COMPANY...

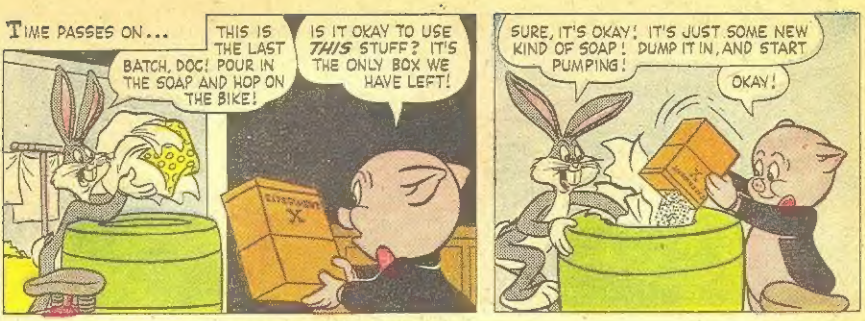




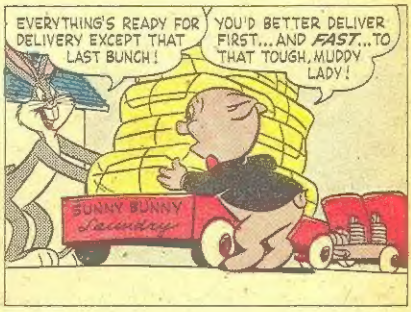
PORKY PEDALS, THE WASHING MACHINE SPINS, SOAPSUDS FLY, AND FINALLY...

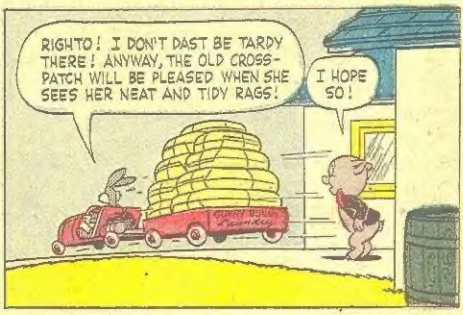
THEN...




TIME PASSES ON...
THIS IS THE LAST BATCH, DOC! POUR IN THE SOAP AND HOP ON THE BIKE!
IS IT OKAY TO USE THIS STUFF? IT'S THE ONLY BOX WE HAVE LEFT!
SURE, IT'S OKAY! IT'S JUST SOME NEW KIND OF SOAP! DUMP IT IN, AND START PUMPING!
OKAY!

SOON...
THIS IS THE LAST OF IT, BUGS! THAT EXPERIMENT X SOAP REALLY WORKS!
LOOKS LIKE IT GOT OUT THE STUBBORN STAINS AND DEEP-DOWN DIRT!


EVERYTHING'S READY FOR DELIVERY EXCEPT THAT LAST BUNCH!
YOU'D BETTER DELIVER FIRST... AND FAST... TO THAT TOUGH, MUDDY LADY!
SUNNY BUNNY Laundry

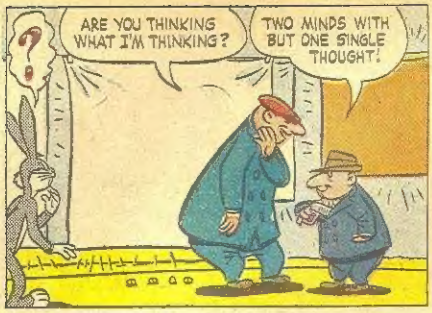

RIGHTO! I DON'T DAST BE TARDY THERE! ANYWAY, THE OLD CROSS-PATCH WILL BE PLEASED WHEN SHE SEES HER NEAT AND TIDY RAGS!
I HOPE SO!

BUGS MAKES HIS FIRST DELIVERY...
IF YOU EVER SPLASH MUD ON ME AGAIN, I'LL...
PERISH THAT HORRIBLE THOUGHT, MA'AM! TA-TA!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SOAP FACTORY...
THE BOX OF EXPERIMENT X IS GONE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... CALL THE POLICE!
TRASH

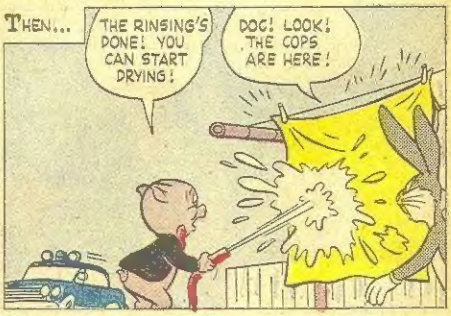
LATER, AT THE "LAUNDRY"...
I FINISHED DELIVERING, AND LOOK AT THE LOOT! WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH, DOC!
GOSH! IT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF YOUR WILD IDEAS IS REALLY WORKING!

HAVE YOU RINSED DOWN THIS LAST BATCH, PORKY?
NOT YET! (SIGH!) THE INSIDE MAN HAS BEEN RESTING HIS TIRED OUTSIDE!
WH-WHY, IT'S TWO OF OUR CUSTOMERS! WELCOME TO THE...
WE'VE GOT A BIG COMPLAINT, SUNNY BUNNY!
OUR MISTER PIG IS HEAD OF THE COMPLAINERATIN' DEPARTMENT!
LOOK AT THESE SHIRTS! THEY'RE RUINED!
LOOK AT MY FAVORITE SILK HANKY... OOPS!
POW!
Y-YIPE!
OOOH!
DID YOU SEE WHAT I JUST SAW?
THAT I DID! THE SLUG STOPPED DEAD BEFORE IT HIT THAT SHEET!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
PLUNK!
TRY IT AGAIN, AMBROSE!
WITH PLEASURE, ANDREW!
HEY! STOP! DON'T YOU DARE PERFORATE THOSE PERCALES!
POW!
KAPOWW!
BLAM!
OH, N-NO!


ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
TWO MINDS WITH BUT ONE SINGLE THOUGHT!

W-WAIT, FELLOWS! THAT ISN'T YOUR LAUNDRY...
WE'RE SETTLIN' OUR COMPLAINTS, SUNNY BUNNY!

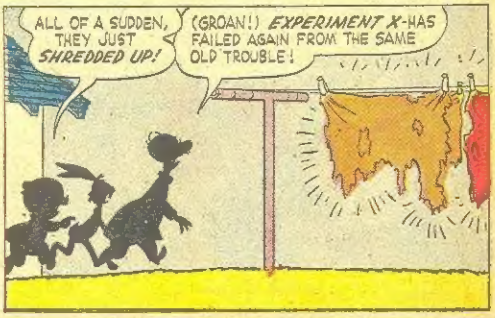
GEEMINY! I WAS SURE SCARED! DO YOU THINK THEY'RE CROOKS?
NAW! PROBABLY SOME TRICK GUN STAGE ACT THAT FLIPPED ITS WIG! LET'S FORGET 'EM AND FINISH OUR JOB!

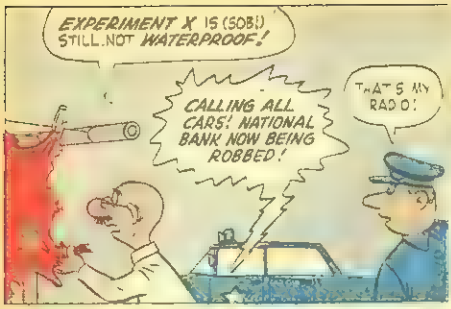

THEN...
THE RINSING'S DONE! YOU CAN START DRYING!
DOC! LOOK! THE COPS ARE HERE!

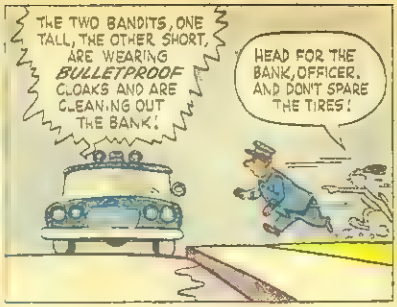
BY ANY CHANCE, DID YOU REMOVE A BOX MARKED "EXPERIMENT X" FROM...
I SURE DID, DOC! WE TESTED IT AND IT'S A GREAT LITTLE LAUNDRY SOAP! IT...

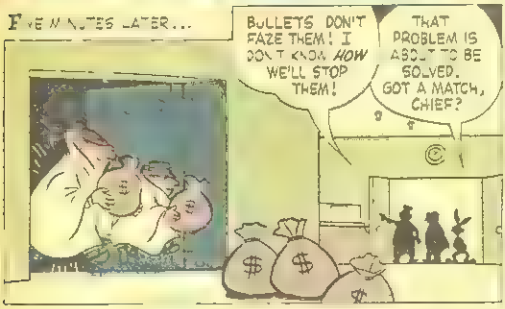
IT IS NOT A LAUNDRY SOAP!
IT'S A SUPERSECRET CHEMICAL! ANY FABRIC SOAKED IN IT BECOMES BULLETPROOF!
B-BULLETPROOF?

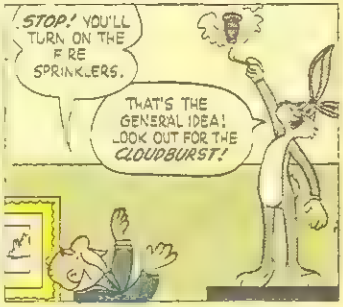
(GROAN!) THAT WASN'T A TRICK GUN, AFTER ALL! NO WONDER THOSE CROOKS SWIPED THE SHEETS!
B-BUGS! LOOK AT THE RINSED SHEETS AND BLANKETS!

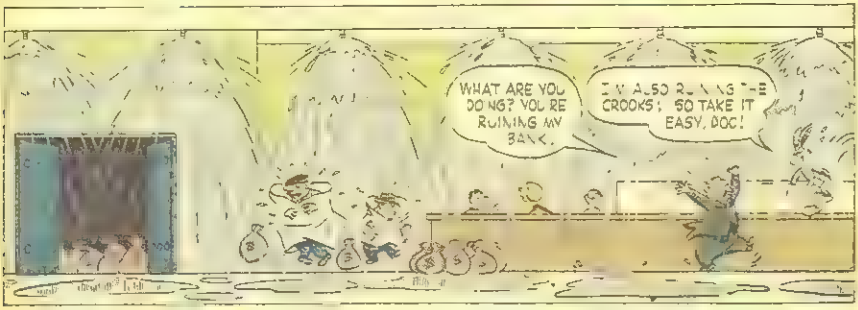

ALL OF A SUDDEN, THEY JUST SHREDDED UP!
(GROAN!) EXPERIMENT X-HAS FAILED AGAIN FROM THE SAME OLD TROUBLE!


EXPERIMENT X IS (SOB!) STILL NOT WATERPROOF!
CALLING ALL CARS! NATIONAL BANK NOW BEING ROBBED!
THAT'S MY RADIO!

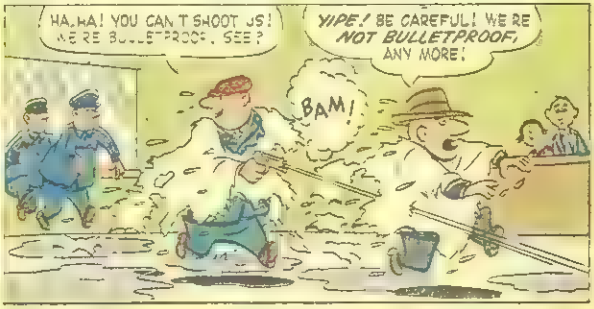

THE TWO BANDITS, ONE TALL, THE OTHER SHORT, ARE WEARING BULLETPROOF CLOAKS AND ARE CLEANING OUT THE BANK!
HEAD FOR THE BANK, OFFICER, AND DON'T SPARE THE TIRES!

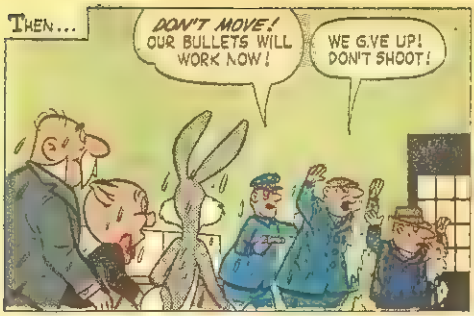

FIVE MINUTES LATER...
BULLETS DON'T FAZE THEM! I DON'T KNOW HOW WE'LL STOP THEM!
THAT PROBLEM IS ABOUT TO BE SOLVED. GOT A MATCH, CHIEF?


STOP! YOU'LL TURN ON THE FIRE SPRINKLERS.
THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA! LOOK OUT FOR THE CLOUDBURST!


WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE RUINING MY BANK.
I'M ALSO RUNNING THE CROOKS; SO TAKE IT EASY, DOC!

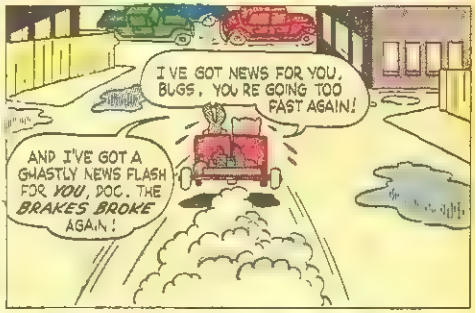
YOU CAN GRAB THE CROOKS NOW, CHIEFIE! THEY'RE BULLETPROOF, BUT NOT WATERPROOF!

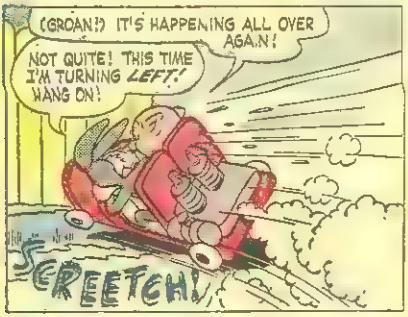

HA, HA! YOU CAN'T SHOOT US! WE'RE BULLETPROOF, SEE?
BAM!
YIPE! BE CAREFUL! WE'RE NOT BULLETPROOF, ANY MORE!

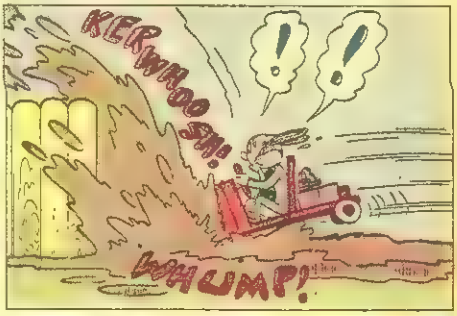

THEN...
DON'T MOVE! OUR BULLETS WILL WORK NOW!
WE G.VE UP! DON'T SHOOT!

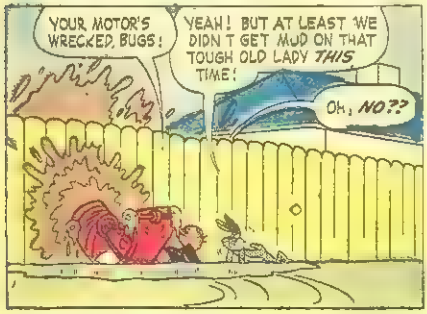
A LITTLE LATER...
GOOD WORK, BUGS! YOU'LL GET A REWARD FOR THIS DAY'S DOINGS.
I W LL?

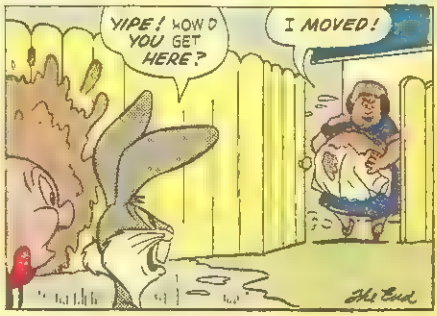
THE NEXT DAY...
THANK GOODNESS WE'RE OUT OF THE LAUNDRY BUSINESS AND EVERYBODY'S HAPPY!
I'M NOT HAPPY! IT TOOK MY WHOLE REWARD TO PAY FOR THOSE DUDS WE WRECKED...ER...OVERWASHED!


I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, BUGS. YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST AGAIN!
AND I'VE GOT A GHASTLY NEWS FLASH FOR YOU, DOC. THE BRAKES BROKE AGAIN!


(GROAN!) IT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER AGAIN!
NOT QUITE! THIS TIME I'M TURNING LEFT! HANG ON!
SCREETCH!

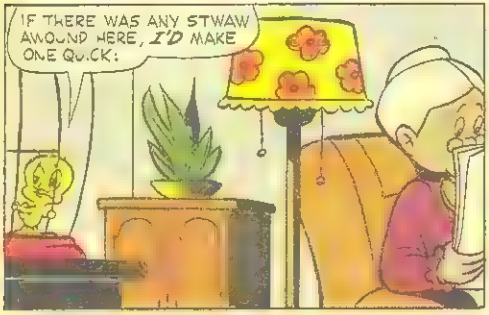

KERWHOOSH!
!
!
BOOM!
UMP!

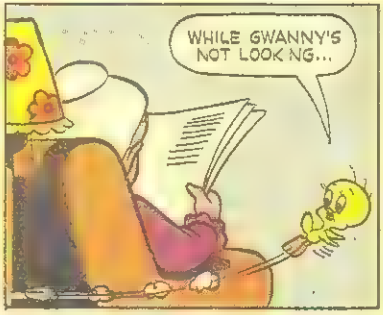

YOUR MOTOR'S WRECKED, BUGS!
YEAH! BUT AT LEAST WE DIDN'T GET MUD ON THAT TOUGH OLD LADY THIS TIME!
OH, NO??

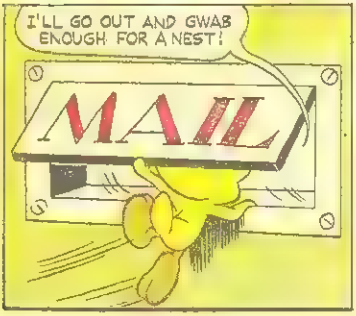

YIPE! HOW D YOU GET HERE?
I MOVED!

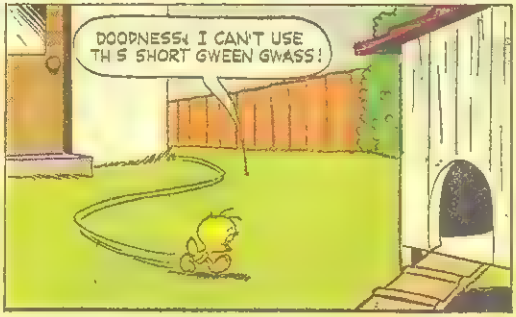
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

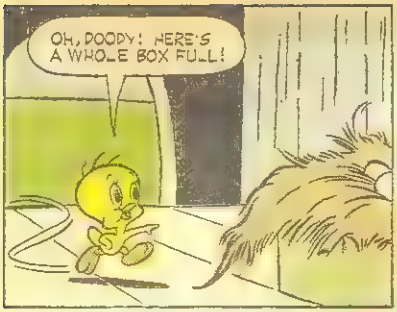
THE LAST STRAW

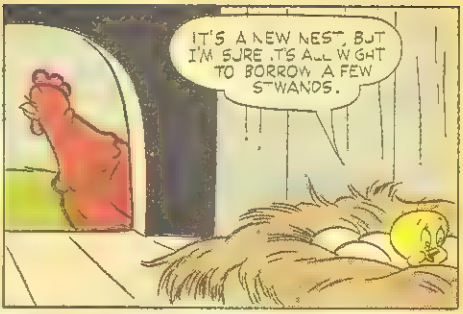


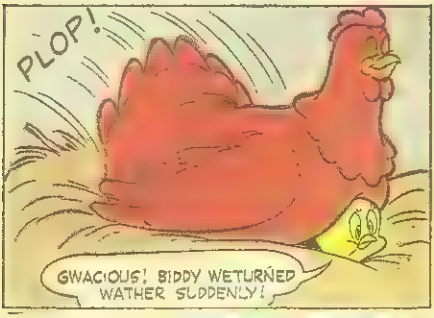


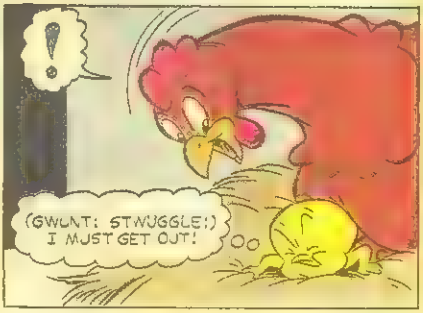


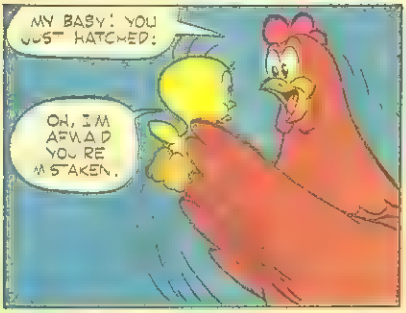


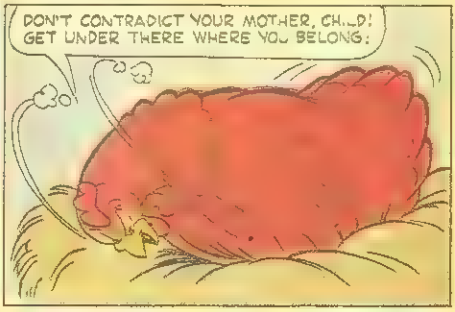

OH, DOODY! HERE'S A WHOLE BOX FULL!

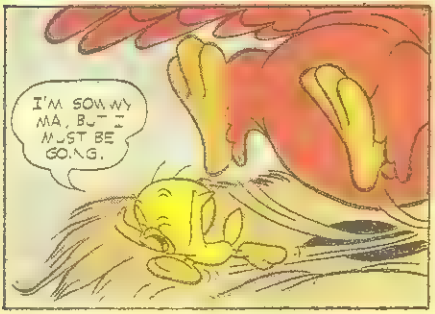

IT'S A NEW NEST, BUT I'M SURE IT'S ALL RIGHT TO BORROW A FEW STRAWS.

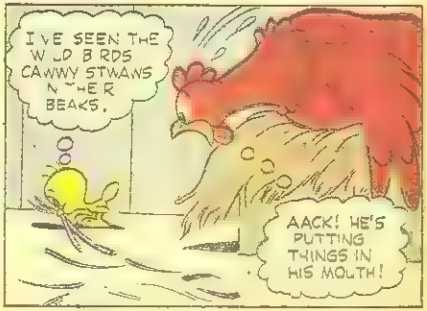

PLOP!
GRACIOUS! BIDDY WETURNED WATHER SUDDENLY!

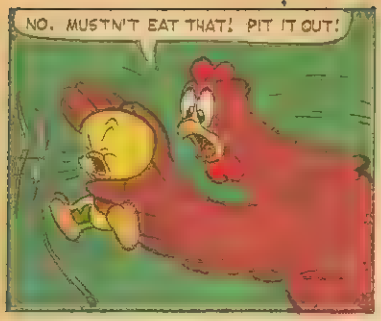

!
(GRUNT: STRUGGLE!) I MUST GET OUT!

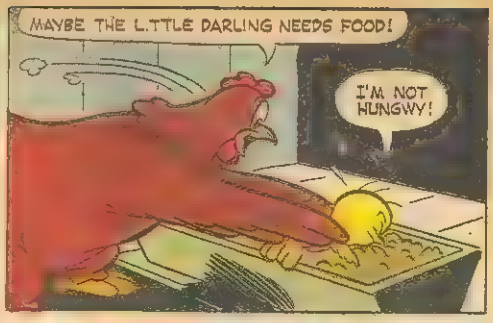

MY BABY! YOU JUST HATCHED!
OH, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE MISTAKEN.

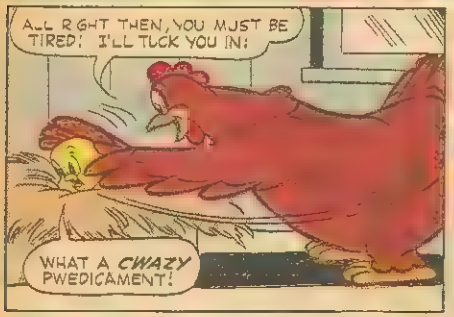

DON'T CONTRADICT YOUR MOTHER, CHILD! GET UNDER THERE WHERE YOU BELONG!

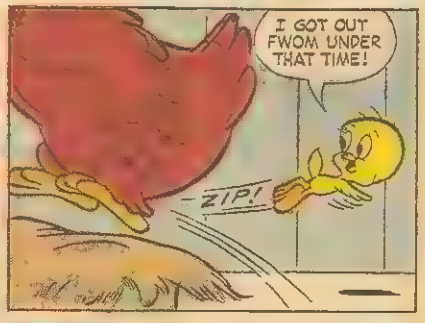

I'M SORRY MA, BUT I MUST BE GOING.

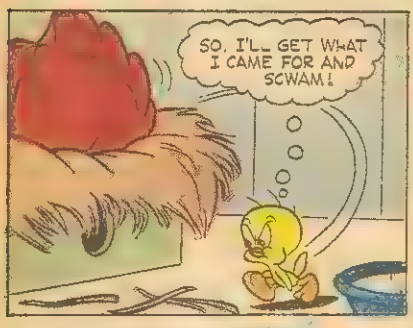

I'VE SEEN THE WILD BIRDS CARRY STRAWS IN THEIR BEAKS.
AACK! HE'S PUTTING THINGS IN HIS MOUTH!

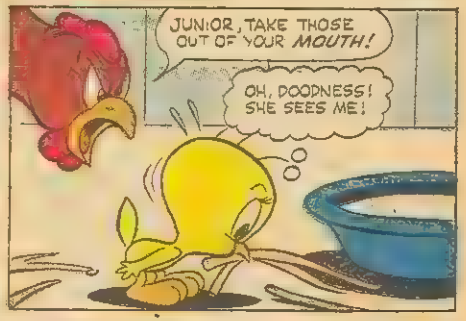

NO. MUSTN'T EAT THAT! PIT IT OUT!

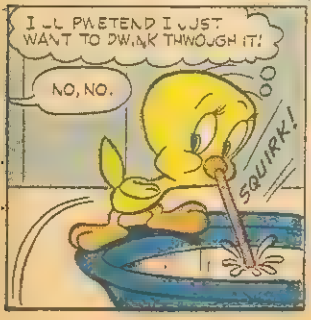

MAYBE THE L.TTLE DARLING NEEDS FOOD!
I'M NOT HUNGWY!

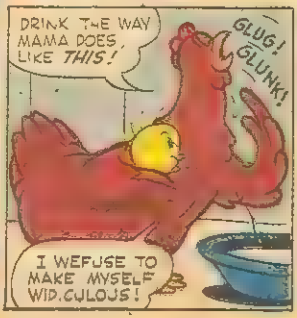

ALL RIGHT THEN, YOU MUST BE TIRED! I'LL TUCK YOU IN!
WHAT A *CWAZY* PWEDICAMENT!

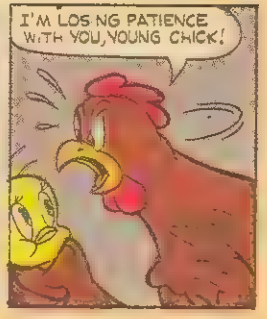

I GOT OUT FWOM UNDER THAT TIME!
ZIP!

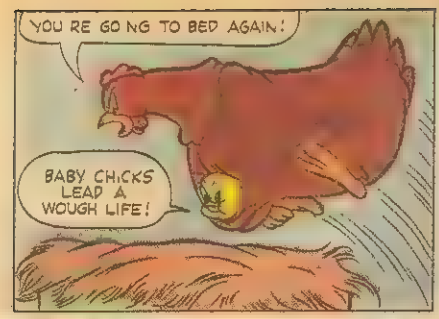

SO, I'LL GET WHAT I CAME FOR AND SCWAM!

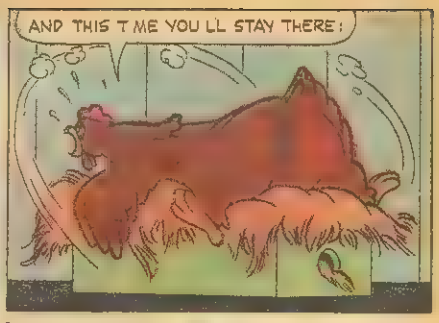

JUNIOR, TAKE THOSE OUT OF YOUR *MOUTH!*
OH, DOODNESS! SHE SEES ME!

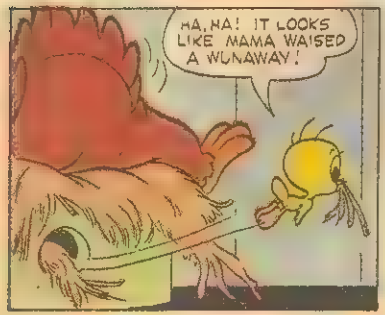

I'LL PWETEND I JUST WANT TO DWINK THWOUGH IT!
NO, NO.
SQUIRK!

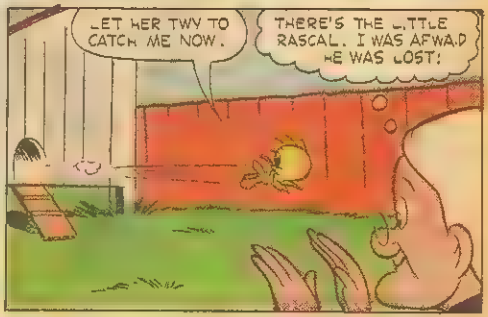

DRINK THE WAY MAMA DOES, LIKE *THIS!*
GLUG! GLUNK!
I WEFUSE TO MAKE MYSELF WID.CULOUS!

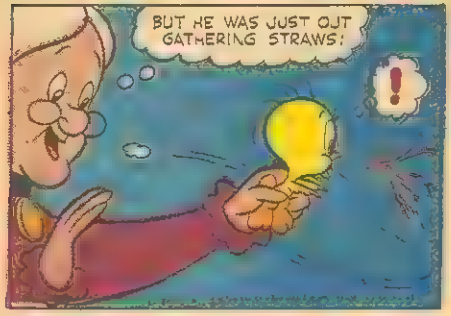

I'M LOSING PATIENCE WITH YOU, YOUNG CHICK!

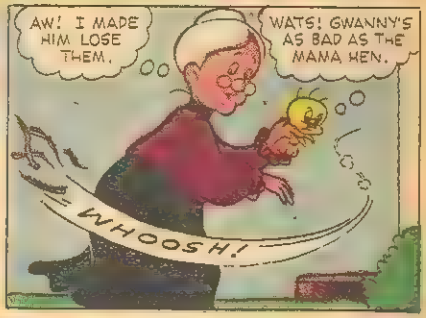

YOU RE GO NG TO BED AGAIN!
BABY CHICKS LEAD A WOUGH LIFE!

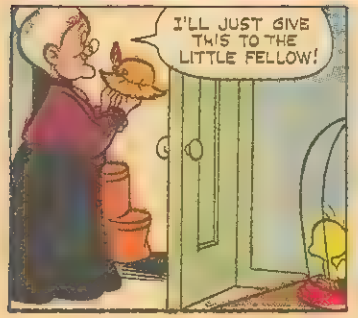

AND THIS T ME YOU LL STAY THERE!

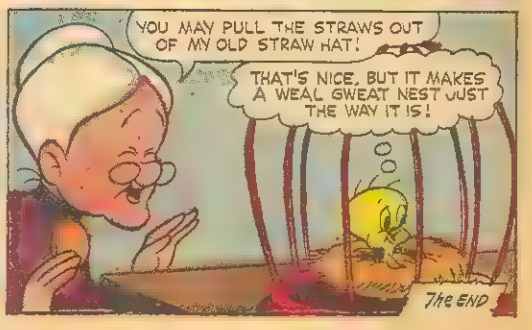

HA, HA! IT LOOKS LIKE MAMA WAISED A WUNAWAY!


LET HER TWY TO CATCH ME NOW.
THERE'S THE LITTLE RASCAL. I WAS AFWAID HE WAS LOST!

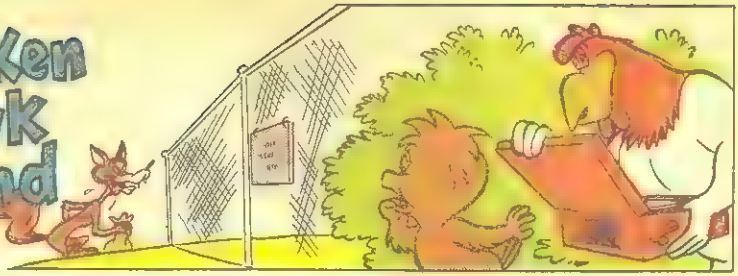

BUT HE WAS JUST OUT GATHERING STRAWS!
!


AW! I MADE HIM LOSE THEM.
WATS! GWANNY'S AS BAD AS THE MAMA HEN.
WHOOSH!


I'LL JUST GIVE THIS TO THE LITTLE FELLOW!


YOU MAY PULL THE STRAWS OUT OF MY OLD STRAW HAT!
THAT'S NICE, BUT IT MAKES A WEAL GWEAT NEST JUST THE WAY IT IS!
The END

Chicken Hawk Hound



"I just have to find a way to catch a chicken," Henery Hawk mumbled to himself, as he wandered near the chicken yard.

"Well, I've caught me a chicken hawk," boomed the voice of Foghorn Leghorn, as he grabbed Henery by the nape of the neck.

"Put me down," demanded Henery, dangling in mid-air. "I'm supposed to catch chickens. Chickens are not supposed to catch me!"

"I want to call a temporary truce," the big rooster stated. "We must work together for a while, or we're both in for trouble."

"We are? How?" asked Henery.

"A sly fox has moved into the area, and he's already tried to get into the chicken yard," Foghorn explained. "He couldn't get over the wire, but I'm expecting him to be back and try to dig under the fence. If he does that and gets in, he's too big for me to stop, and I'm afraid he will catch a lot of us chickens!"

"He can't do that," exclaimed Henery. "If he caught you chickens, I'd be the one to suffer...I'd have no chickens to catch."

"Exactly!" Foghorn agreed. "Now will you help me protect your own interest?"

"You bet I will! Nobody's going to steal MY chickens," Henery vowed. "I'll think of a way to stop that chicken-hunting fox!"

"It's just too bad that we're not big enough to hunt foxes," lamented Foghorn.

"That's it!" Henery shouted. "We'll hunt him down. We'll run him out of the country."

"How can a chicken hawk and a rooster do that to a hungry fox?" asked Foghorn.

"Just do as I say," Henery ordered. Then he whispered something into Foghorn's ear.

"All right," agreed the eager rooster. "I'll paint the sign while you take care of your part of the plan."

While Foghorn was busy painting, Henery rushed to borrow a portable record player and a record from Ollie Owl.

Hurrying back to the chicken yard, Henery helped place the sign on the gate. Then he and Foghorn hid in some bushes outside the yard and waited for the sly fox to return to resume his chicken hunt.

"It's too late to chicken out now," Henery whispered. "Here he comes."

As the fox searched for a place to begin digging under the fence, Henery very bravely slipped up behind him.

"Grr! Bow-wow!" Henery barked at the surprised intruder. "You'd better give up, for I have you cornered! Grr!"

"What are you supposed to be?" laughed the fox, recovering from his start.

"I'm a foxhound fox-finder," Henery growled, "I've been trained to locate foxes for fox hunters to hunt."

"And I suppose a pack of hounds is on my trail right now," chuckled the fox.

"Then you didn't read the sign," Henery said, as he pointed to the gate.

The fox quickly glanced at the lettered sign which boldly stated: FOX HUNT TODAY.

"Here he is, fellows!" Henery barked.

At Henery's signal, Foghorn started the record player. A bugle sounded, dogs began to bark, and the hoofbeat of running horses announced that the hunters were coming.

"TALLY HO!" came a rider's call.

WHOOSH! The chicken-hunting fox ran for his life.

"That fox will never come back," Foghorn rejoiced. "From now on, Henery will be the only one to chase us chickens."

"Well, don't worry about me chasing you today," Henery replied weakly. "Acting like a foxhound has left me dog tired...too tired to do any chicken hunting of my own."

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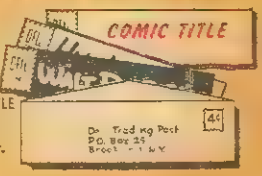

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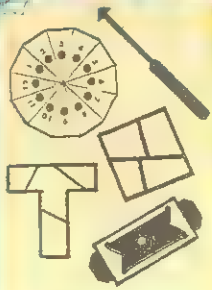

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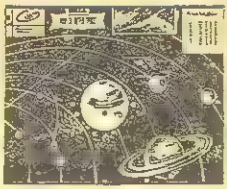

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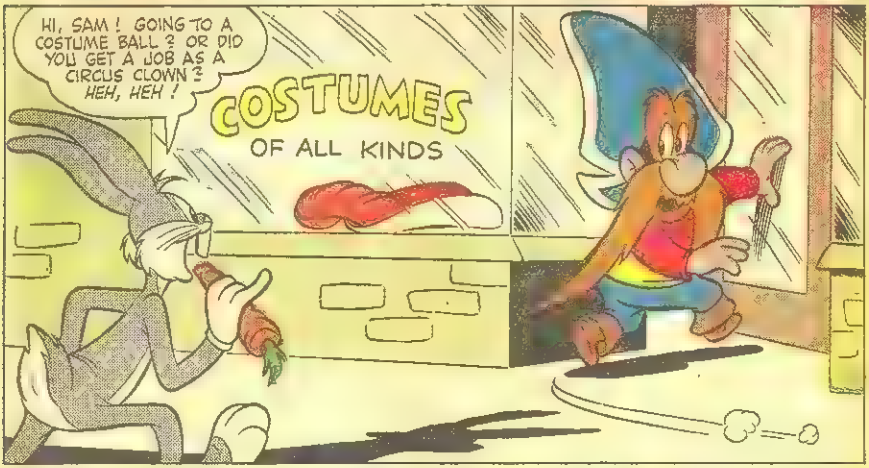
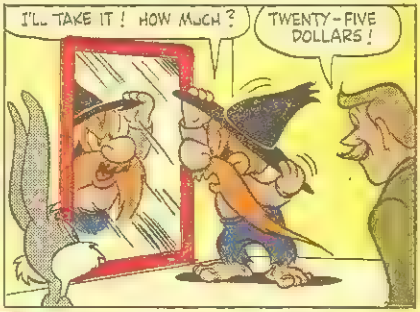
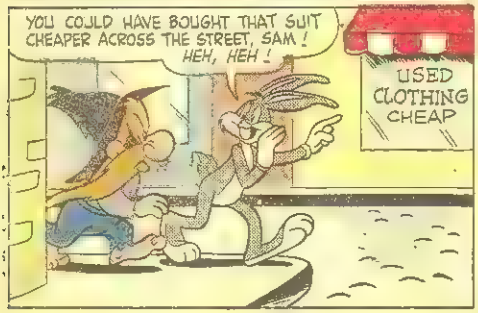
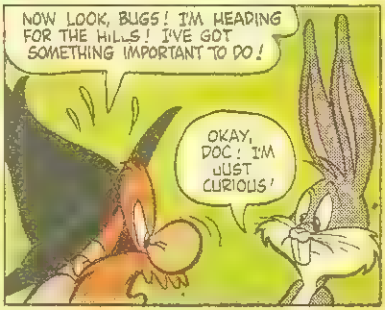
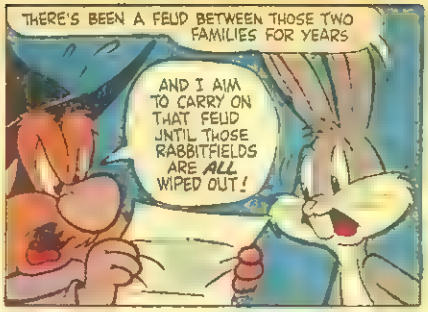


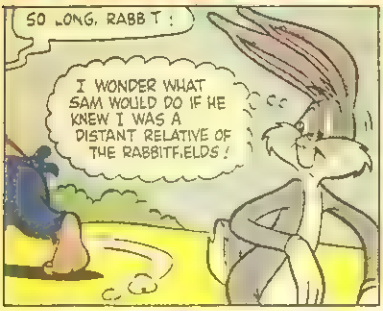


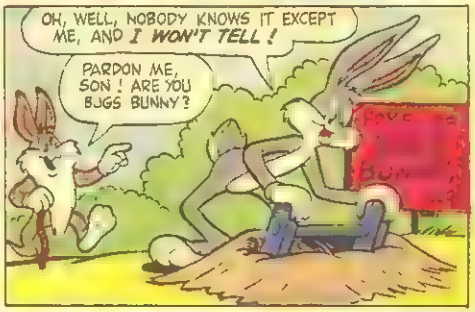


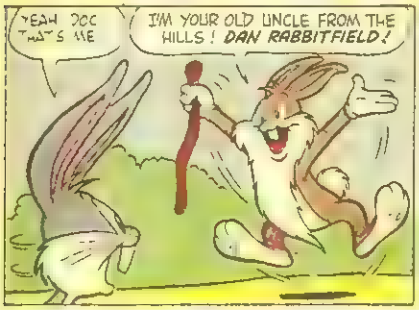


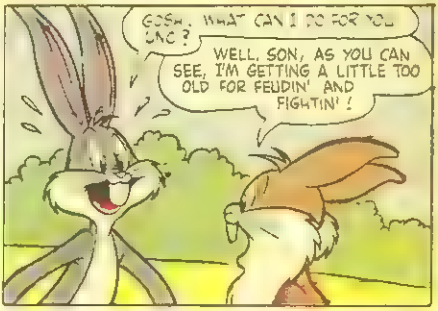
IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M THE LAST REMAINING MEMBER OF THE COY FAMILY! I DIDN'T KNOW IT UNTIL I GOT THIS TELEGRAM TODAY!
GOSH. EVERYBODY'S HEARD OF THE RABBITFIELDS AND THE COYS!

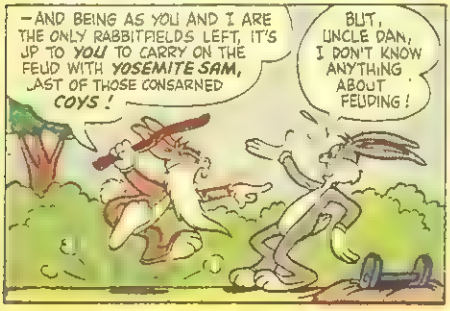

THERE'S BEEN A FEUD BETWEEN THOSE TWO FAMILIES FOR YEARS
AND I AIM TO CARRY ON THAT FEUD UNTIL THOSE RABBITFIELDS ARE ALL WIPED OUT!

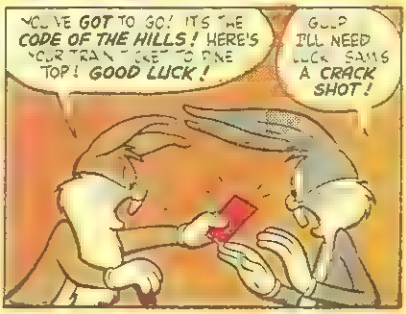

SO LONG, RABBIT!
I WONDER WHAT SAM WOULD DO IF HE KNEW I WAS A DISTANT RELATIVE OF THE RABBITFIELDS!

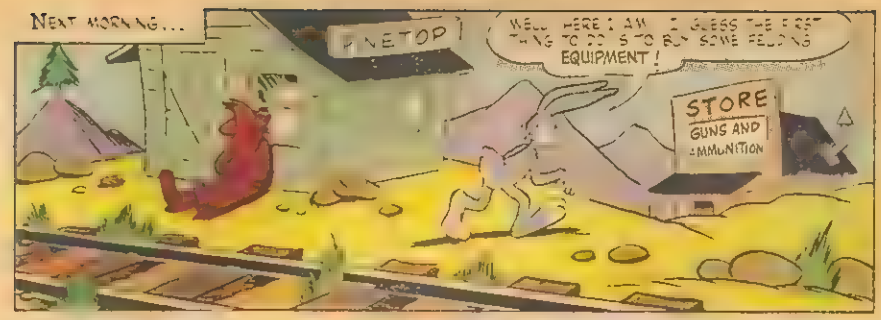

OH, WELL, NOBODY KNOWS IT EXCEPT ME, AND I WON'T TELL!
PARDON ME, SON! ARE YOU BUGS BUNNY?

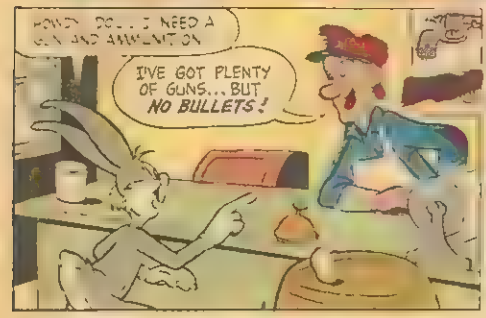

YEAH DOC THAT'S ME
I'M YOUR OLD UNCLE FROM THE HILLS! DAN RABBITFIELD!

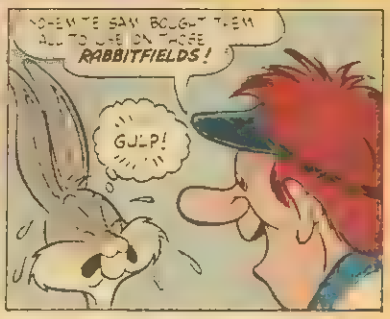

GOSH, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU UNC?
WELL, SON, AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M GETTING A LITTLE TOO OLD FOR FEUDIN' AND FIGHTIN'!

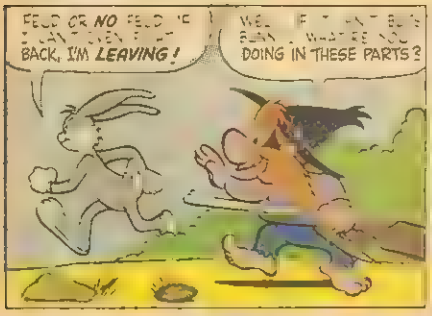

—AND BEING AS YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY RABBITFIELDS LEFT, IT'S UP TO YOU TO CARRY ON THE FEUD WITH YOSEMITE SAM, LAST OF THOSE CONSARNED COYS!
BUT, UNCLE DAN, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FEUDING!

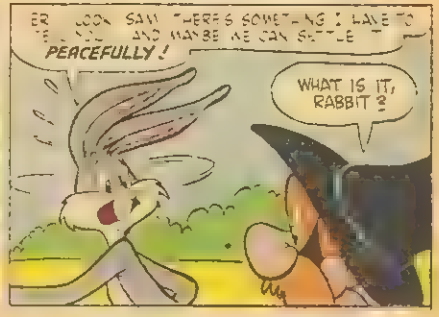

YOU'VE GOT TO GO! IT'S THE CODE OF THE HILLS! HERE'S YOUR TRAIN TICKET TO PINE TOP! GOOD LUCK!
GOLD ILL NEED LUCK SAMS A CRACK SHOT!

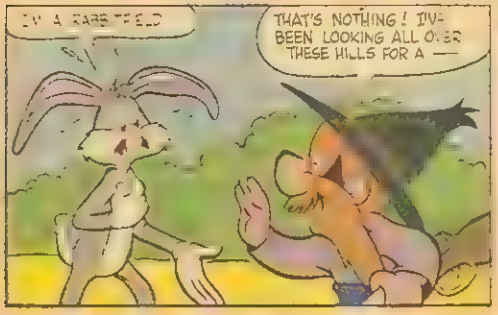

NEXT MORNING...
PINETOP
WELL, HERE I AM. I GUESS THE FIRST THING TO DO IS TO BUY SOME FIELDING EQUIPMENT!
STORE
GUNS AND AMMUNITION

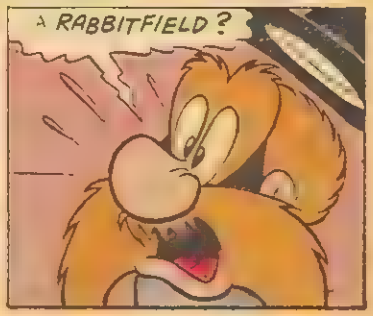

HOWDY. DO I NEED A GUN AND AMMUNITION
I'VE GOT PLENTY OF GUNS... BUT NO BULLETS!

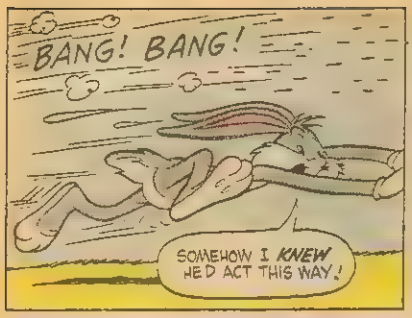

YOSEMITE SAM BOUGHT THEM ALL TO USE ON THOSE RABBITFIELDS!
GULP!

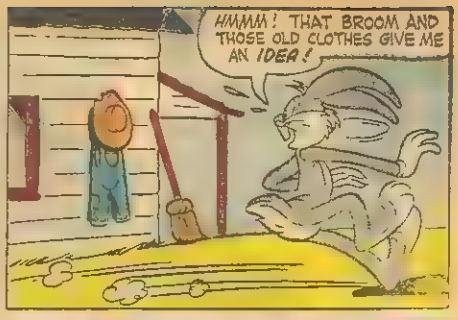

FIELD OR NO FIELD, IF I CAN'T EVEN FIND BACK, I'M LEAVING!
WELL, IF I CAN'T BUY A GUN, WHAT'S HE DOING IN THESE PARTS?

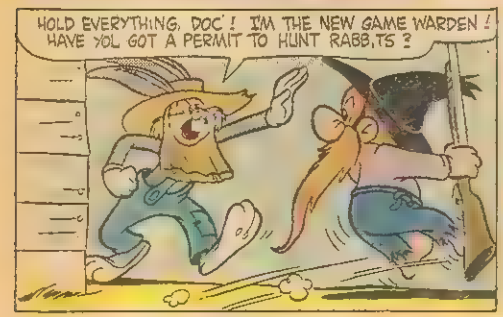

ER... LOOK, SAM, THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO TELL YOU... AND MAYBE WE CAN SETTLE IT PEACEFULLY!
WHAT IS IT, RABBIT?

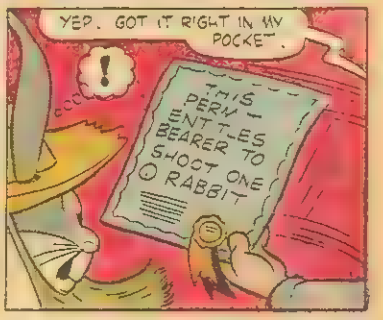

I'M A RABBITFIELD
THAT'S NOTHING! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER THESE HILLS FOR A —

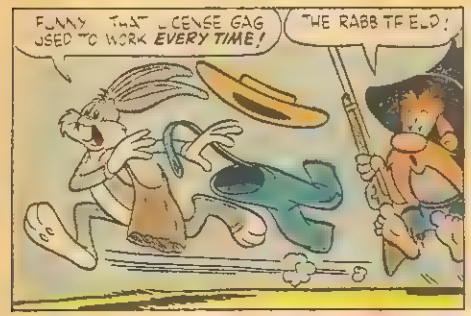

A RABBITFIELD?

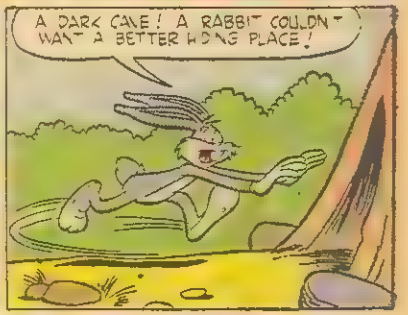

BANG! BANG!
SOMEHOW I KNEW HE'D ACT THIS WAY!

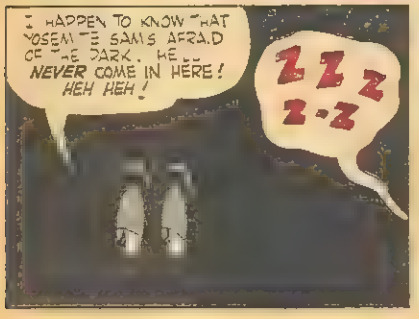

HMMM! THAT BROOM AND THOSE OLD CLOTHES GIVE ME AN IDEA!


HOLD EVERYTHING, DOC'! I'M THE NEW GAME WARDEN! HAVE YOU GOT A PERMIT TO HUNT RABBITS?

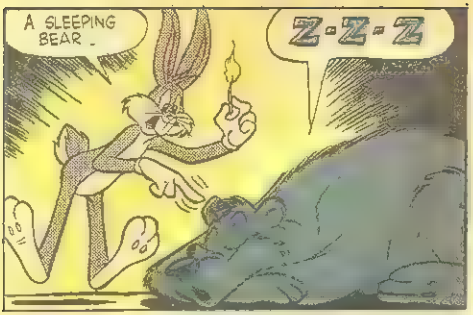

YEP. GOT IT RIGHT IN MY POCKET.
!
THIS PERMIT ENTITLES BEARER TO SHOOT ONE RABBIT

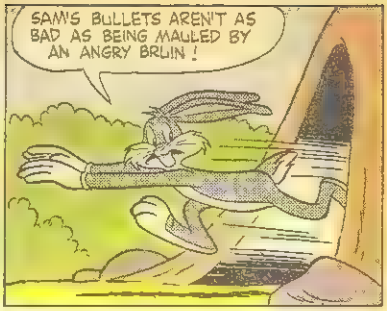

FUNNY THAT LICENSE GAG USED TO WORK EVERY TIME!
THE RABBIT FIELD!

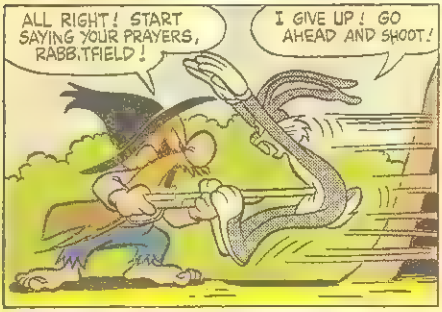

A DARK CAVE! A RABBIT COULDN'T WANT A BETTER HIDING PLACE!

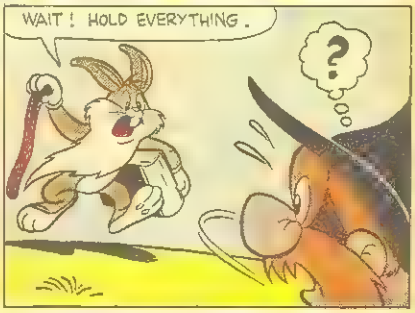

I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT YOSEMITE SAM'S AFRAID OF THE DARK. HE'LL NEVER COME IN HERE! HEH HEH!
ZZZ
Z-Z

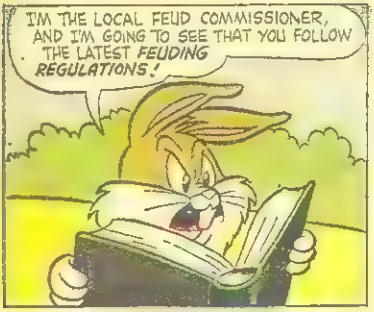
HUH. WONDER WHAT THAT NOISE IS! I'D BETTER LIGHT A MATCH AND SEE!
ZZZ
Z-Z

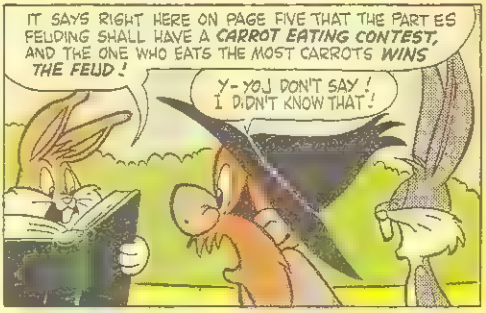

A SLEEPING BEAR.
Z-Z-Z

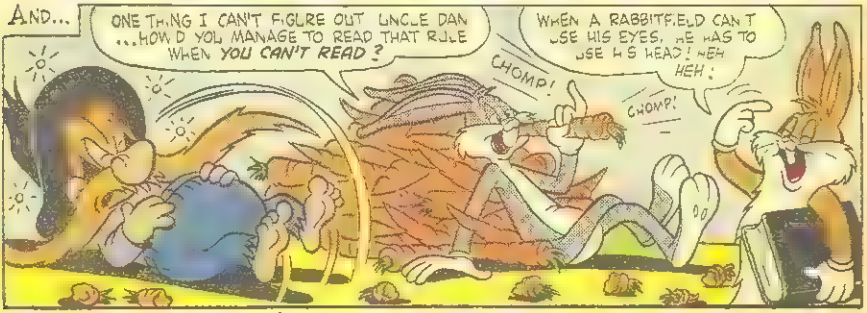

SAM'S BULLETS AREN'T AS BAD AS BEING MAULED BY AN ANGRY BRUIN!


ALL RIGHT! START SAYING YOUR PRAYERS, RABBITFIELD!
I GIVE UP! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!


WAIT! HOLD EVERYTHING.
?

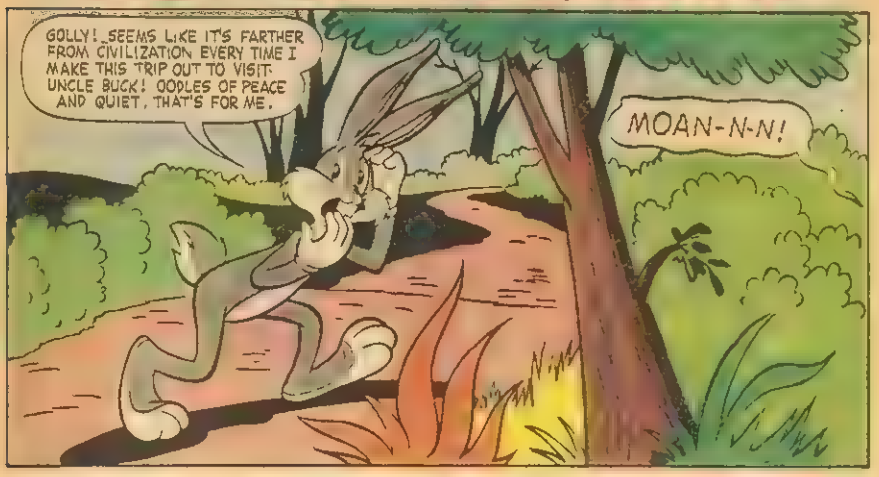

I'M THE LOCAL FEUD COMMISSIONER, AND I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOU FOLLOW THE LATEST FEUDING REGULATIONS!

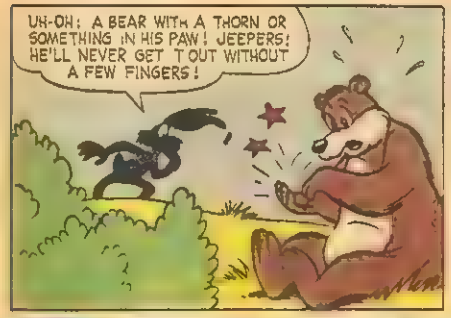

IT SAYS RIGHT HERE ON PAGE FIVE THAT THE PARTIES FEUDING SHALL HAVE A CARROT EATING CONTEST, AND THE ONE WHO EATS THE MOST CARROTS WINS THE FEUD!
Y-YOU DON'T SAY! I DIDN'T KNOW THAT!

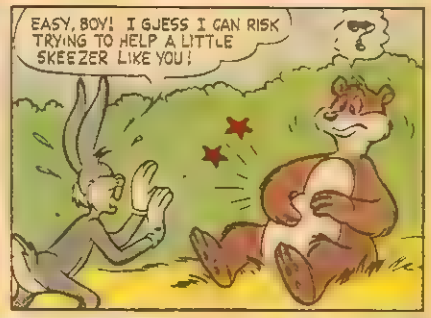

AND...
ONE THING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT UNCLE DAN ...HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO READ THAT RULE WHEN YOU CAN'T READ?
WHEN A RABBITFIELD CAN'T USE HIS EYES, HE HAS TO USE HIS HEAD! HEH HEH!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!

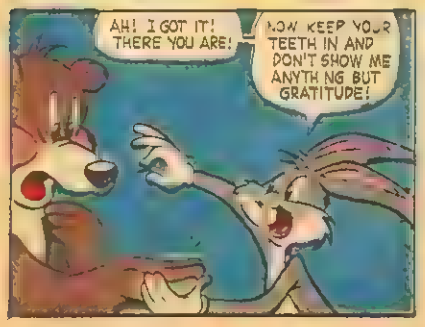
Bugs Bunny

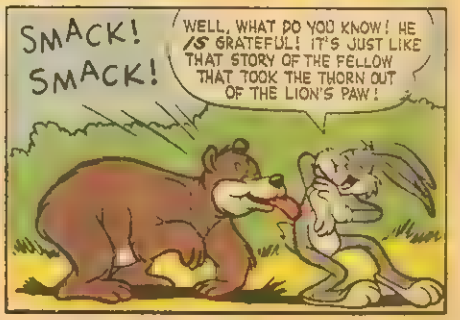
VISITOR INVASION

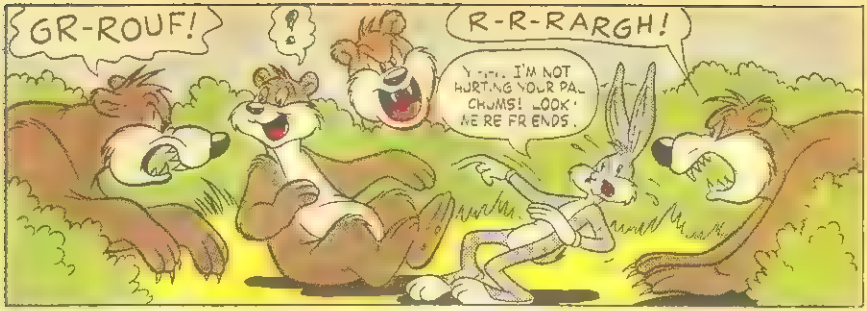


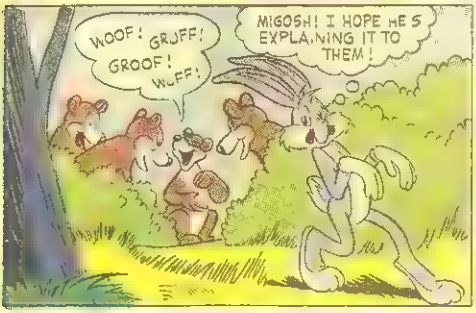


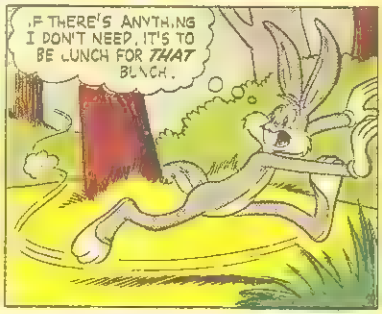






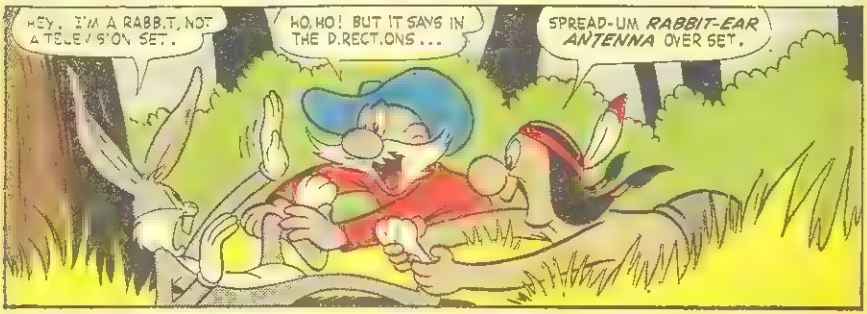

GR-ROUF!
?
R-R-RARGH!
Y-y-. I'M NOT HURTING YOUR PAL CHUMS! LOOK' ME RE FR ENDS.

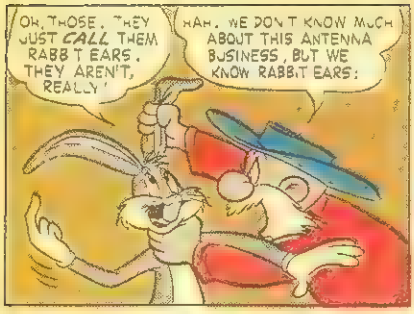

WOOF! GRUFF! GROOF! WUFF!
MIGOSH! I HOPE HE'S EXPLAINING IT TO THEM!

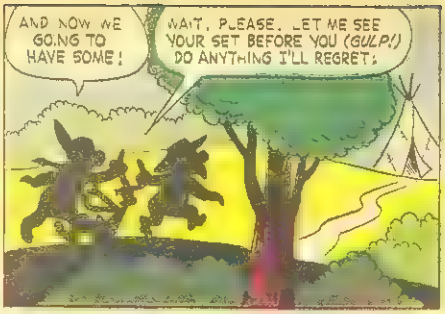

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I DON'T NEED, IT'S TO BE LUNCH FOR *THAT* BUNCH.

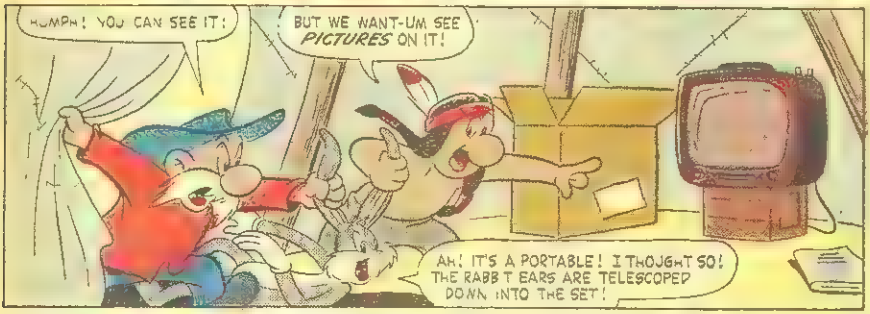
HEH. FROM NOW ON ANYTHING WILL BE A *PIGNIC!*

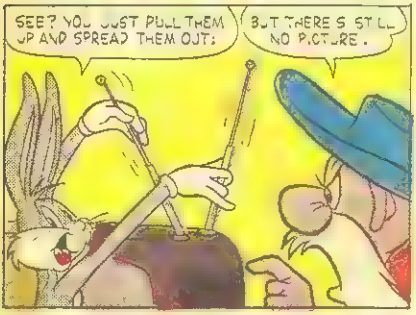
OH YES?
HERE'S ONE LITTLE CRON!
UGH NOW WE GET-UM *TEEVEE PICTURES!*
(GASP!) *TEEVEE?*

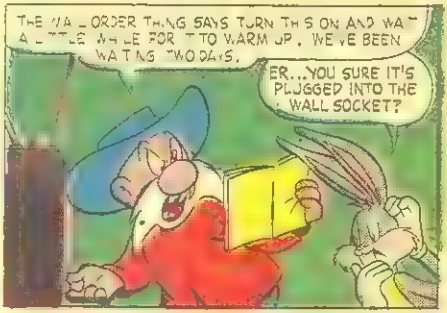

HEY. I'M A RABBIT, NOT A TELEVISION SET.
HO, HO! BUT IT SAYS IN THE DIRECTIONS...
SPREAD-UM *RABBIT-EAR ANTENNA* OVER SET.

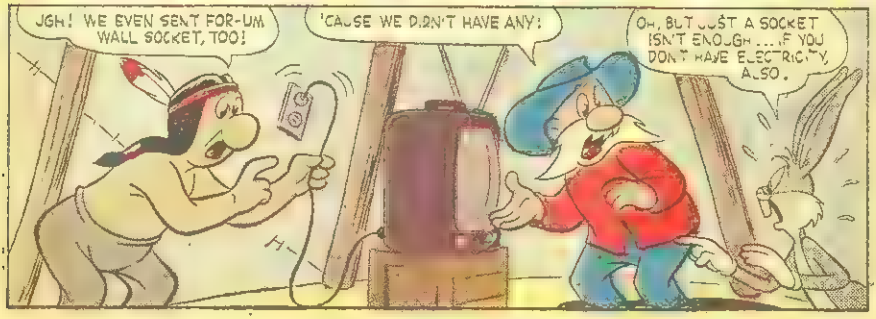

OH, THOSE. THEY JUST *CALL* THEM RABBIT EARS. THEY AREN'T, REALLY!
HAH. WE DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THIS ANTENNA BUSINESS, BUT WE KNOW RABBIT EARS!

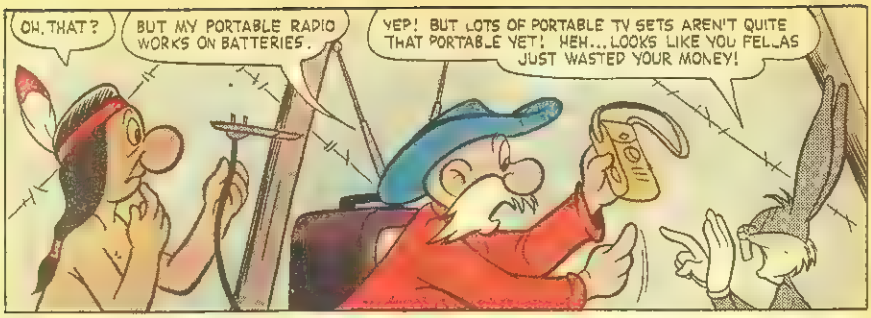

AND NOW WE GOING TO HAVE SOME!
WAIT, PLEASE. LET ME SEE YOUR SET BEFORE YOU *(GULP!)* DO ANYTHING I'LL REGRET!


HUMPH! YOU CAN SEE IT!
BUT WE WANT-UM SEE *PICTURES* ON IT!
AH! IT'S A PORTABLE! I THOUGHT SO! THE RABBIT EARS ARE TELESCOPED DOWN INTO THE SET!

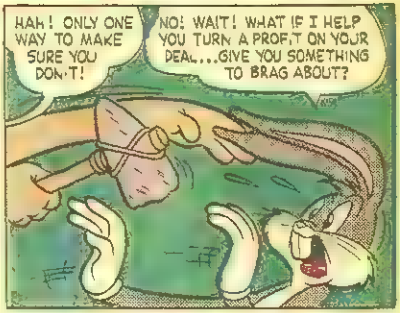

SEE? YOU JUST PULL THEM UP AND SPREAD THEM OUT!
BUT THERE'S STILL NO PICTURE.

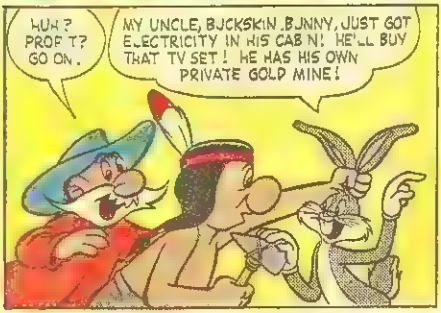

THE MAIL ORDER THING SAYS TURN THIS ON AND WAIT A LITTLE WHILE FOR IT TO WARM UP. WE'VE BEEN WAITING TWO DAYS.
ER...YOU SURE IT'S PLUGGED INTO THE WALL SOCKET?

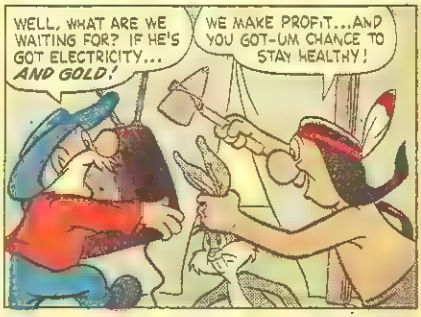

UGH! WE EVEN SENT FOR-UM WALL SOCKET, TOO!
'CAUSE WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY!
OH, BUT JUST A SOCKET ISN'T ENOUGH ...IF YOU DON'T HAVE ELECTRICITY ALSO.

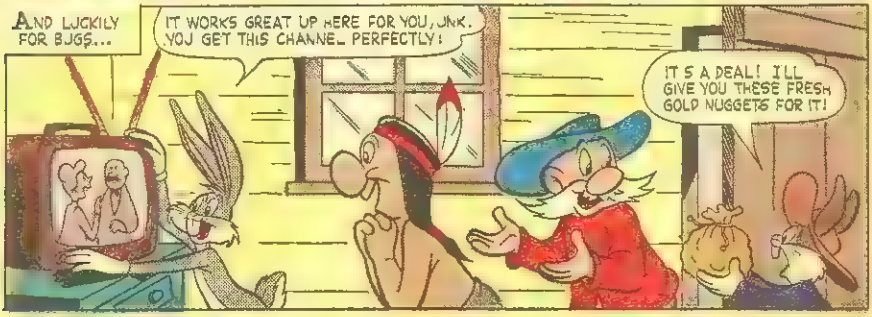

OH, THAT?
BUT MY PORTABLE RADIO WORKS ON BATTERIES.
YEP! BUT LOTS OF PORTABLE TV SETS AREN'T QUITE THAT PORTABLE YET! HEH... LOOKS LIKE YOU FELLAS JUST WASTED YOUR MONEY!

HEH... WE DID A DUMB THING, LITTLE CROW!
NOW HIM TELL-UM EVERYBODY WE NUMBSKULL NINCOMPOOPS!
OH, NO! I WON'T BLAB! HONEST!

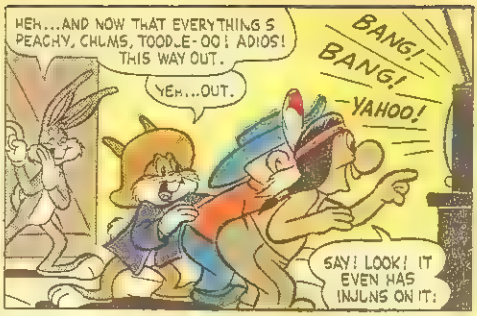

HAH! ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T!
NO! WAIT! WHAT IF I HELP YOU TURN A PROFIT ON YOUR DEAL... GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO BRAG ABOUT?

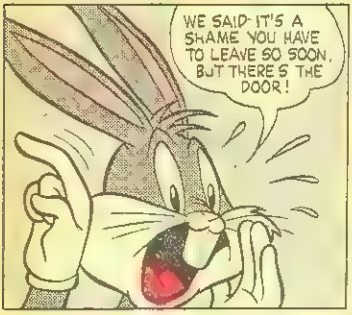

HUH? PROFIT? GO ON.
MY UNCLE, BUCKSKIN BUNNY, JUST GOT ELECTRICITY IN HIS CABIN! HE'LL BUY THAT TV SET! HE HAS HIS OWN PRIVATE GOLD MINE!

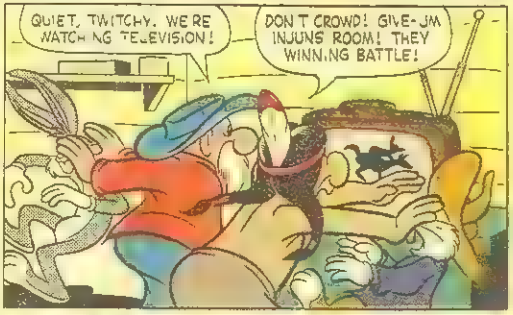

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? IF HE'S GOT ELECTRICITY... AND GOLD!
WE MAKE PROFIT... AND YOU GOT-UM CHANCE TO STAY HEALTHY!

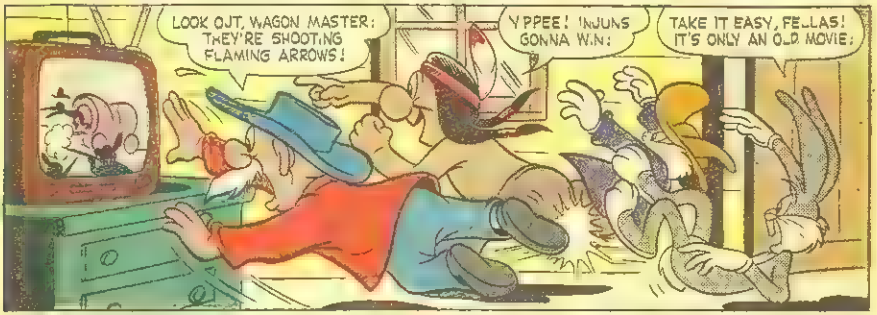

AND LUCKILY FOR BUGS...
IT WORKS GREAT UP HERE FOR YOU, JUNK. YOU GET THIS CHANNEL PERFECTLY!
IT'S A DEAL! I'LL GIVE YOU THESE FRESH GOLD NUGGETS FOR IT!

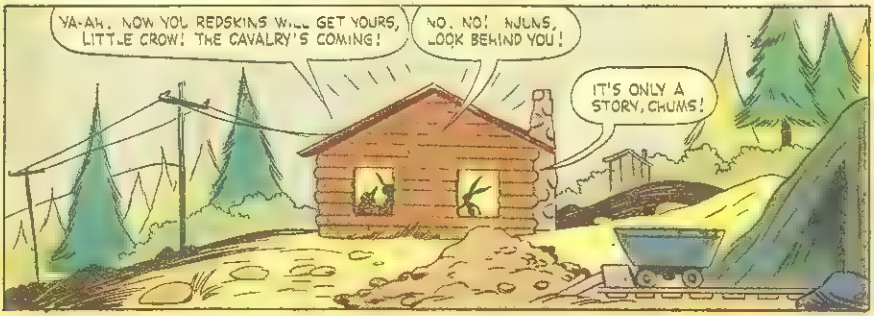
SAY! WE PRETTY SMART AFTER ALL, HUH, HANK?
AND HOW!
WHEW! YOU SAVED MY LIFE, UNK! I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU LATER!

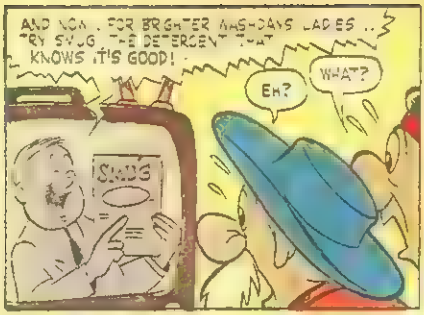

HEH...AND NOW THAT EVERYTHING S PEACHY, CHUMS, TOODLE-OO! ADIOS! THIS WAY OUT.
YEH...OUT.
BANG!
BANG!
YAHOO!
SAY! LOOK! IT EVEN HAS INJUNS ON IT!

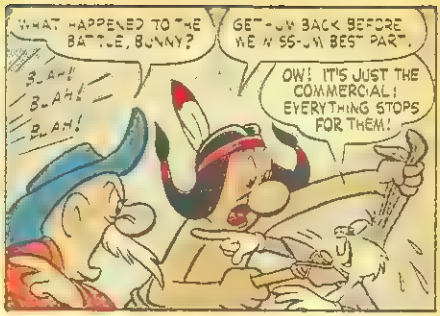

WE SAID IT'S A SHAME YOU HAVE TO LEAVE SO SOON, BUT THERE S THE DOOR!

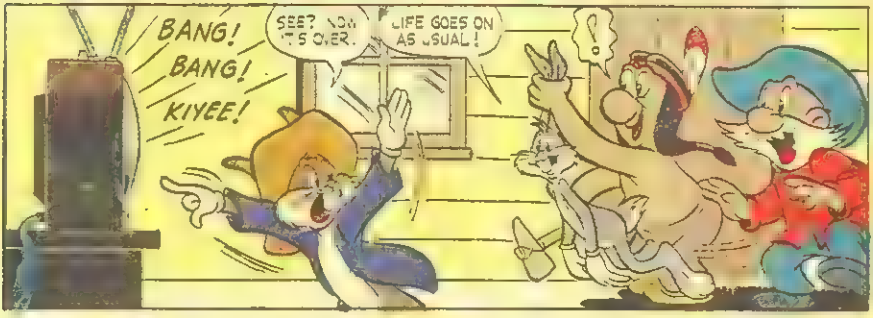

QUIET, TWITCHY. WE RE WATCH NG TELEVISION!
DON T CROWD! GIVE-JM INJUNS ROOM! THEY WINNING BATTLE!

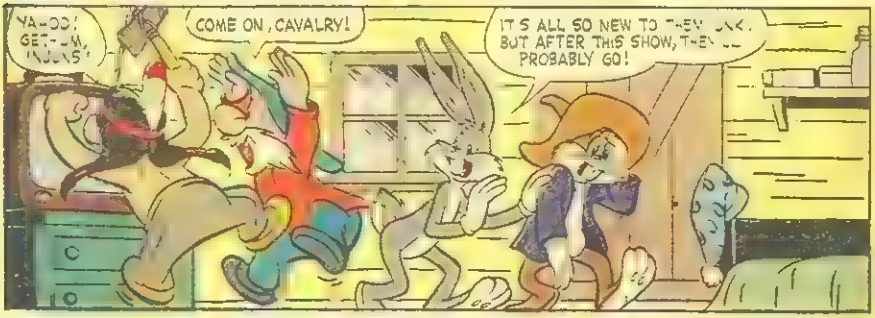

LOOK OUT, WAGON MASTER! THEY'RE SHOOTING FLAMING ARROWS!
Y PPEE! INJUNS GONNA W.N!
TAKE IT EASY, FELLAS! IT'S ONLY AN OLD MOVIE!

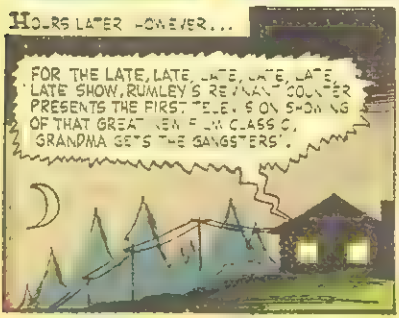

YA-AH. NOW YOU REDSKINS WILL GET YOURS, LITTLE CROW! THE CAVALRY'S COMING!
NO. NO! INJUNS, LOOK BEHIND YOU!
IT'S ONLY A STORY, CHUMS!

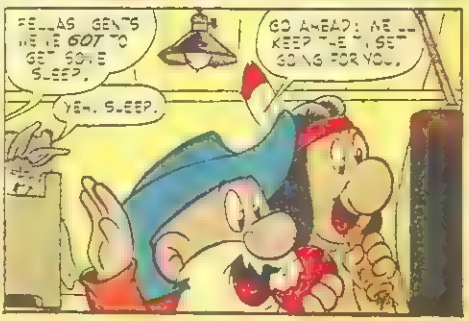

AND NOW, FOR BRIGHTER WASHDAYS LADIES ... TRY SWUG, THE DETERGENT THAT KNOWS IT'S GOOD!
SWUG
EH?
WHAT?

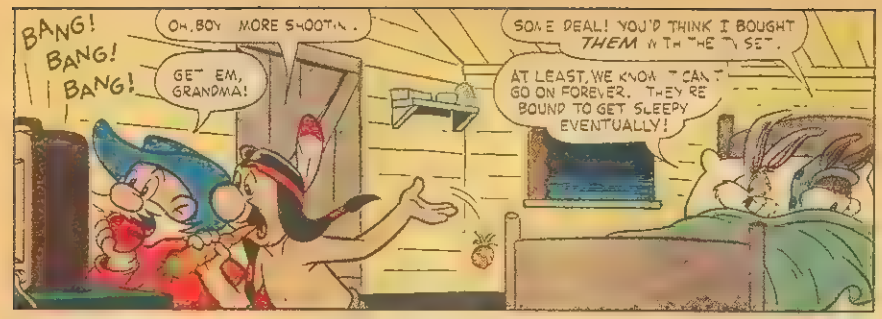

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BATTLE, BUNNY?
GET-UM BACK BEFORE WE MISS-UM BEST PART.
B_AH!
B_AH!
B_AH!
OW! IT'S JUST THE COMMERCIAL! EVERYTHING STOPS FOR THEM!

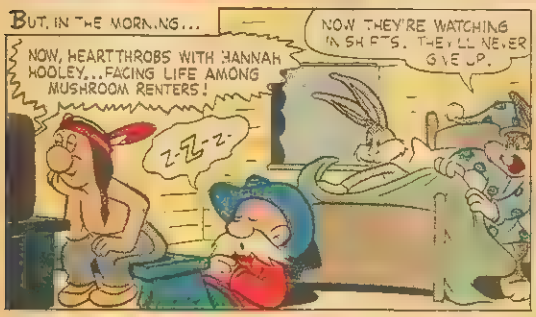

BANG!
BANG!
KIYEE!
SEE? NOW IT'S OVER.
LIFE GOES ON AS USUAL!

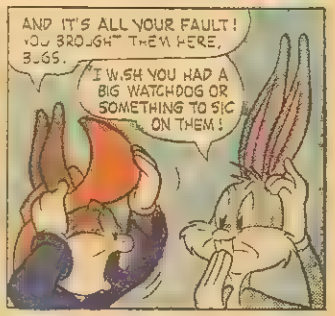

YA-HOO! GET-UM, INJUNS!
COME ON, CAVALRY!
IT'S ALL SO NEW TO THEM, BUT AFTER THIS SHOW, THEY'LL PROBABLY GO!

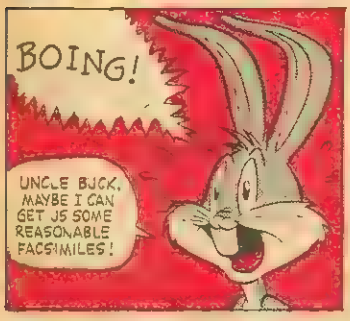

HOURS LATER HOWEVER...
FOR THE LATE, LATE, LATE, LATE, LATE LATE SHOW, RUMLEY'S REMNANT COUNTER PRESENTS THE FIRST TELEVISION SHOWING OF THAT GREAT NEW FILM CLASSIC, GRANDMA GETS THE GANGSTERS!

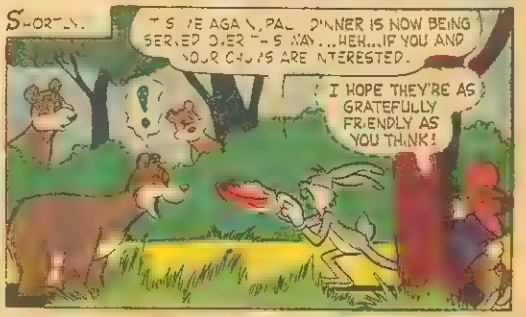

FELLAS GENTS WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP.
YEH. SLEEP.
GO AHEAD! WE'LL KEEP THE TV GOING FOR YOU.

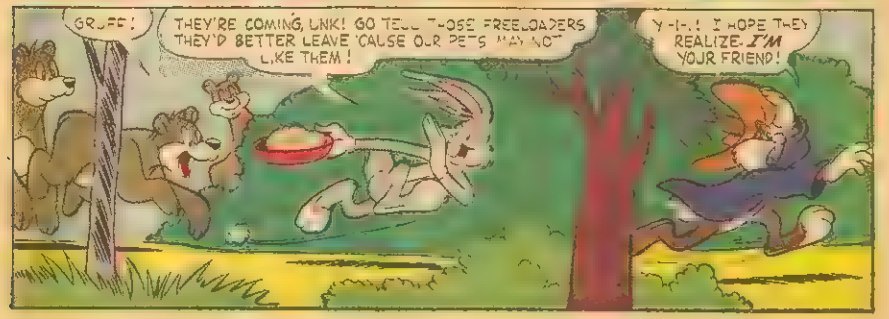

BANG! BANG! BANG!
OH, BOY MORE SHOOTIN'.
GET EM, GRANDMA!
SOME DEAL! YOU'D THINK I BOUGHT THEM WITH THE TV SET.
AT LEAST, WE KNOW IT CAN'T GO ON FOREVER. THEY'RE BOUND TO GET SLEEPY EVENTUALLY!


BUT, IN THE MORNING...
NOW, HEARTTHROBS WITH HANNAH HOOLEY...FACING LIFE AMONG MUSHROOM RENTERS!
Z-Z-Z-
NOW THEY'RE WATCHING INSHOTS. THEY'LL NEVER GIVE UP.


AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! YOU BROUGHT THEM HERE, BUGS.
I WISH YOU HAD A BIG WATCHDOG OR SOMETHING TO SIC ON THEM!

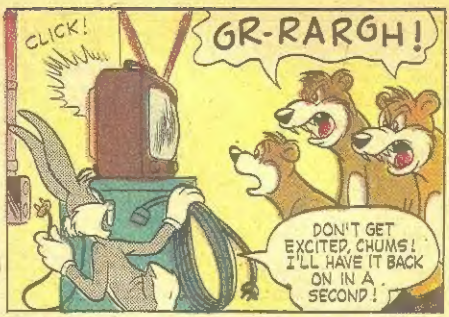

BOING!
UNCLE BUCK, MAYBE I CAN GET US SOME REASONABLE FACSIMILES!


SHORTLY.
THIS IS AGAIN, PAL. DINNER IS NOW BEING SERVED OVER THIS WAY...HEH...IF YOU AND YOUR CHUMS ARE INTERESTED.
I HOPE THEY'RE AS GRATEFULLY FRIENDLY AS YOU THINK!


GRUFF!
THEY'RE COMING, LINK! GO TELL THOSE FREELOADERS THEY'D BETTER LEAVE 'CAUSE OUR PETS MAY NOT LIKE THEM!
Y-I-I! I HOPE THEY REALIZE I'M YOUR FRIEND!

PETS?! SHUCKS! BRING THEM ON, FUZZY! JUST SO LONG AS THEY DON'T GET IN THE WAY OF THE TV!
AND OUR EATIN'!
RIGHT IN HERE, FIDO! ROVER! ELLIE-MAY!
AGH!
BEARS FOR-UM PETS?!
SIC 'EM, JUNIOR!
GR-RARGH!
WR-ROUF!
OW! NO! DON'T GET THEM STIRRED UP!
WE'RE LEAVING!
ZOOM!
AND I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BE COMING BACK, UNK ...UEH...WITH YOU KEEPING BEARS FOR PETS.
BUT...BUT I CAN'T LIVE WITH BEARS!
THEY MIGHT NOT STAY SO FRIENDLY. YOU'VE GOT TO COAX THEM BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM, BUGS.
EH?...OH, SURE THING.
BUT...
TODAY, KIDDIES...MOOGA'S GOING TO THE LITTLE RED PEPPER SCHOOLHOUSE TO LEARN TRIGONOMETRY.
IT'S NO USE, UNK. THEY'RE MORE INTERESTED IN THE TV.
O-OH. NOW, BEARS CLUTTERING UP THE PLACE! IT'S EVEN WORSE!

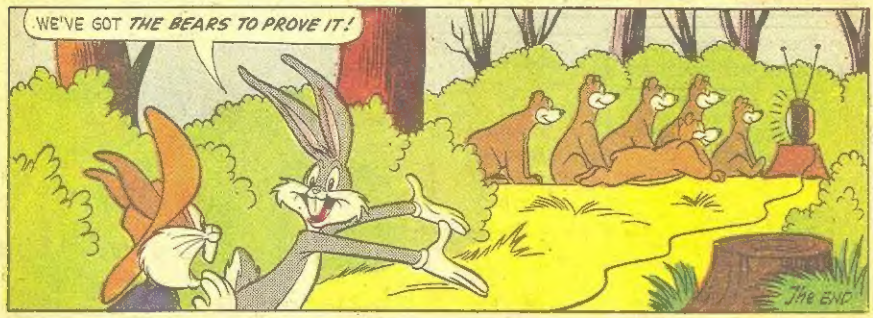
DON'T GET DISCOURAGED, UNK! I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! LUCKILY, YOU SEEM TO HAVE JUST WHAT WE NEED HERE!
?

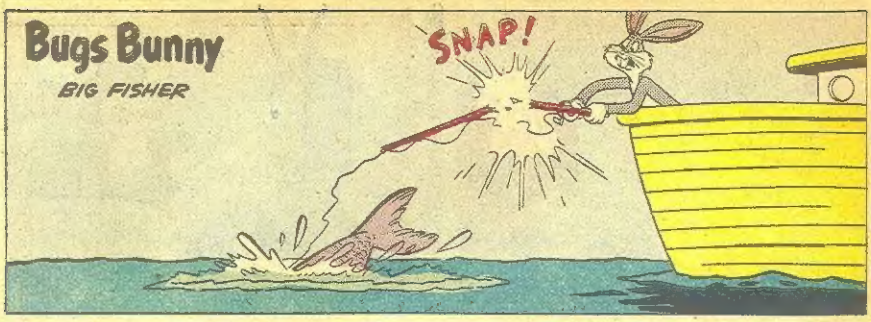

CLICK!
GR-RARGH!
DON'T GET EXCITED, CHUMS! I'LL HAVE IT BACK ON IN A SECOND!

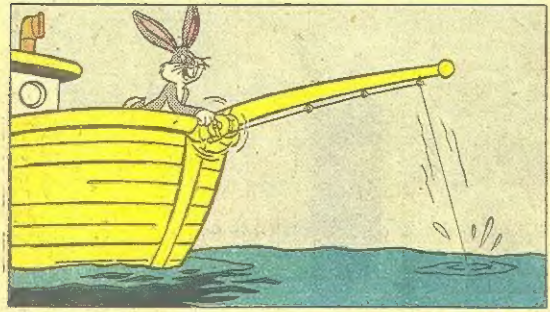
?
!
LADIES! WHY DON'T YOU SURPRISE YOUR FAMILY WITH OUR NEW TASTE THRILL? MUSTARD MARSHMALLOWS!
WOOF!
SEE? AND NOW, JUST FOLLOW US WHILE UNCLE BUCK GIVES ME A HAND WITH THIS GOODY!

FINALLY...
WELL, THERE YOU ARE, UNK! YOUR CABIN IS ALL YOUR OWN AGAIN... AND I SUSPECT YOU'LL ALSO GET YOUR TV SET BACK EVENTUALLY!

HEH... BUT IN THE MEANTIME, IF WE EVER TELL ANYBODY WE JUST *CAN'T BEAR* TO WATCH *TELEVISION*...


WE'VE GOT *THE BEARS TO PROVE IT!*
THE END





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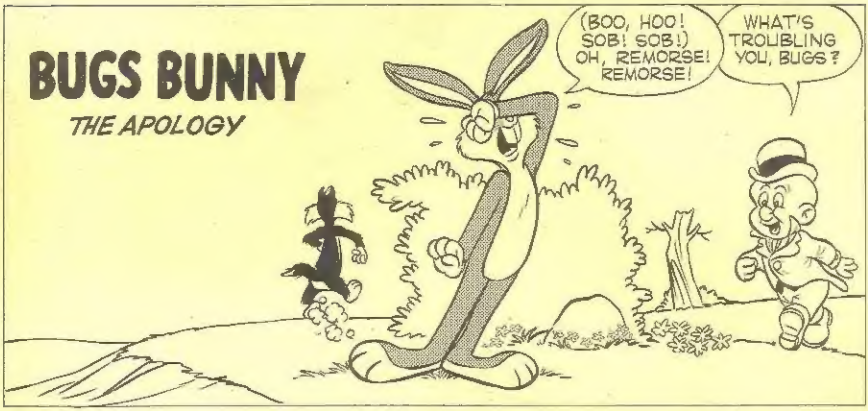
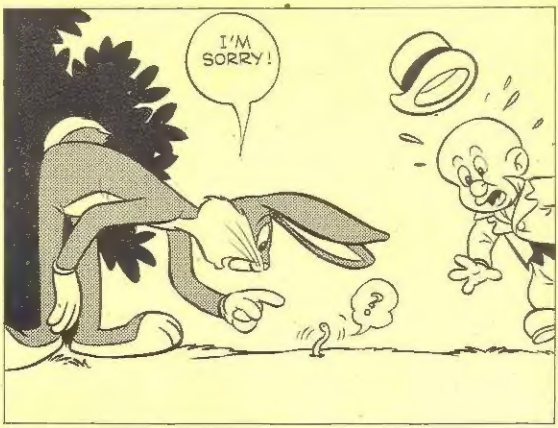
BUGS BUNNY

THE APOLOGY





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